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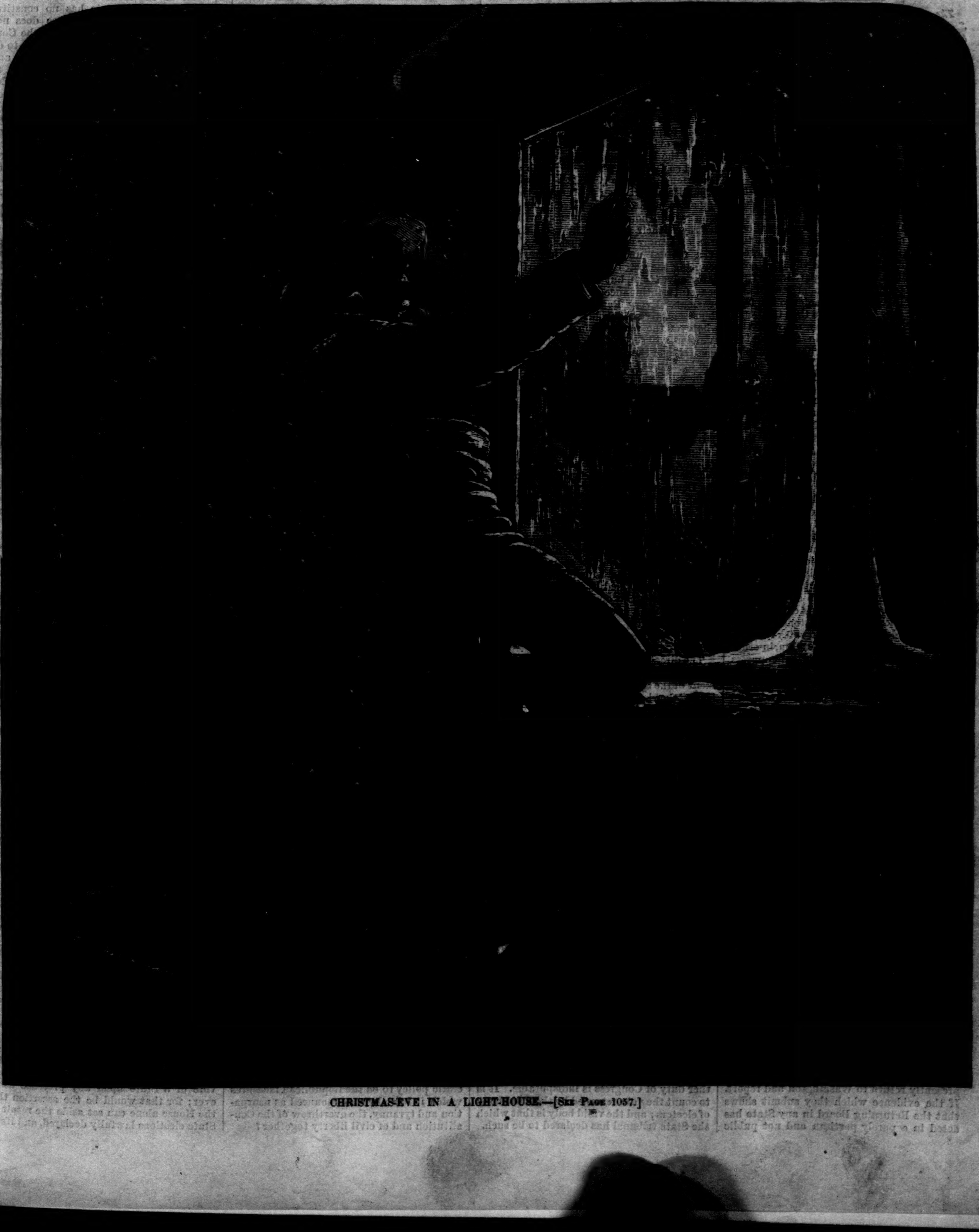


CHRISTMAS-EVE IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.—[See Page 1057.]

The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 130,000 Copies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 30, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an illustrated humorous Story, entitled*

"A BRILLIANT ADVENTURE,"

and three beautiful and attractive Christmas pictures.

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

WILLIAM BLACK'S NEW STORY.

The commencement of William Black's *new Serial Story has been deferred to the second Number of the new Volume of* Harper's Bazar. *The Story is called*

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY,

and the readers of the Bazar *will find it to be one of the most attractive of the series of novels which have made* Mr. Black's *name so popular both in England and America. The new Story will have a special interest for readers on this side the water from the fact that the scene of a portion of it is laid in this country.*

REPUBLICAN DUTY.

There are one or two considerations which are of vital importance in the present controversy which are often forgotten by Republicans. One is that the contest has really ceased to be partisan. It is not to be determined by comparisons of the general intelligence or character of the two parties. It may be very true that the Democratic party includes many more of the most dangerous elements in the country than the Republican. We have no doubt of it. No one familiar with the facts can doubt it. The spirit of the party, as shown in Congress during the last session and the opening of this, and in the tone of many Democratic papers and orators since the present controversy began, shows it: on the other hand, Republicans must admit that there are those among them who would not hesitate to do all that Democrats would dare, and who have shown that their principle is, "all is fair that's done for the Republican party." Their feeling is that the Democrats are so bad and dangerous that they must be kept out at all hazards.

This is merely the Jesuit view, that the end justifies the means. The question now is not whether the Democratic party is good or bad, dangerous or safe, wise or ignorant, but whether the Republican party has fairly carried the election. The sophism that we would expose, and which is cherished by some Republicans, is, for instance, that it would be right to throw out votes in Louisiana, or Florida, or South Carolina, in order to defeat the Democrats, who would oppress the negroes if they came into power. This feeling leads to a justification of the most violently partisan action of the boards, and to an unreasoning approval of all that has occurred, or that may occur, favorable to the Republicans in those States. There is very little doubt that the Returning Board of Louisiana, as another instance, has the power, and is commanded, to throw out the votes of certain parishes when intimidation is satisfactorily proved. Nor is there any doubt that the action of the board is final, and its return the only conclusive official action of the State upon an election. But on the other hand, also, there can be equally little doubt that intense partisans, knowing that the result of a Presidential election depended upon their action, would be very apt to find sufficient intimidation to authorize the rejection of just enough votes to give the election to their party.

And this suggests another of the considerations of which we spoke, which is this, that it is only the party in power, having control of all the machinery of government and of the lawful voice of the State, that can be guilty of usurpation. Its action must, therefore, be plainly beyond reproach, because otherwise it brings doubt and contempt upon lawful government itself. The forms of law must, at all hazards, be respected. But so much the more vital is the necessity that they be made respectable. The Congressional investigating committees will presently return to Washington and report. If the evidence which they submit shows that the Returning Board in any State has acted in a purely partisan and not public and patriotic spirit, that it was resolved, in a word, to "count in" Mr. Hayes "anyhow," and because it was indispensable to the success of the Republican party, their action will still be the lawful return from their States; we know no authority in Congress to reject it: it must stand, and if it elects Mr. Hayes, he must be inaugurated, unless he declines. But there will be hundreds of thousands of Republicans in the country who, in that case, would say with us, that, bad as the Democratic party may be, it is not so dangerous to the very existence of civil liberty and free institutions as a party which wantonly prostitutes the sacred forms of law to secure its temporary success. There would be no need of violence in consequence of that success, but the party responsible for such a stab at the heart of the American principle would disappear in "the uprising of the people" at the ballot-box.

Neither the Republican nor the Democratic report from the private gentlemen who went to Louisiana is satisfactory. It is evident that they went as partisans, resolved to secure, if possible, a partisan result. If the reports from the Congressional committees should be of the same kind, if one side should merely assert that Republicans were rascals, and the other that Democrats were murderers, the reports will be of no other use than as a basis for blind partisan action, without regard to the facts of the case or the needs of the country. We trust that if the Republican minorities on the various committees dissent, they will be able to prove satisfactorily in Louisiana that the evidence plainly required the action of the board, because intimidation extended so far, and so far only, as to vitiate just enough votes to give the returns to the Republicans. If they can not do this, the desperate partisans who place party before country and honest government will have destroyed their party. The same thing is true of Congressional action. The object of a mutual understanding in regard to counting the votes is not the security of a party advantage, but it is the security of a peaceful continuance of free popular government. Every Republican Senator and Representative who holds this alone in view, whatever the result upon the Presidential question, will serve at once civil liberty, the country, and the Republican party, and will find himself supported by a resistless public opinion.

THE DEMOCRATIC POSITION.

The Presidential controversy is rapidly narrowing to the point of the power of Congress over the State returns. The most striking fact in regard to it is the practical abandonment by the Democratic party of the Democratic tradition upon the subject, which, in substance, we believe to be the correct one. This tradition maintains that the Presidential election in each State is to be finally determined as the States may decide, and that, in case of Congressional dispute over the certificates, the sole function of Congress is to ascertain how the State, in the manner provided by itself, has decided. This, which is the obvious and unstrained constitutional view, has been very clearly and conclusively stated in a letter to the New York *Times* by ex-Attorney-General Barlow.

The directions of the Constitution are perfectly plain up to a certain point. The President of the Senate is to "open all the certificates" that he has received "in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives." He has no discretion to decide what certificates he will open. The Constitution says "all the certificates." This intends, doubtless, all the valid certificates. But it does not authorize him to decide which are valid, nor does it give that power to the two Houses. But here, as General Barlow remarks, arises an important judicial function which all ministerial bodies may have to perform. It arises from the necessity of the case. The tribunal must decide which of two bodies claiming to be the electors of a State really are such electors. It is obvious that here is a question which must be decided, and which can be decided only by the two Houses acting as what General Barlow calls a Board of National Canvassers. The point which the Houses are to ascertain is determined by the general principle that the results of the election in each State are to be determined as the State may provide. The Houses, therefore, are limited to the inquiry, which of the two sets of electors has been declared chosen by the State tribunal? The question is not what the State tribunal ought to have done, not what the evidence before it should, in the opinion of Congress, have compelled it to do, but what did it do: which of the two bodies of claimants did it declare to be elected? Having ascertained this, the further duty of Congress is indisputable. It is to count the vote returned by the valid body of electors; and the valid body is that which the State tribunal has declared to be such.

In the Oregon case this simple principle would authorize Congress to inquire which of the contestants was declared by the State canvassers to be elected under the law. The Governor's certificate is only *prima facie* proof, and Congress may go behind it, "because in this narrow sphere its judicial power is complete." That is to say, it has the right not only to inquire what the Governor certifies, but whether what he certifies is the actual conclusion of the State tribunal, beyond which Congress can not go. When that is reached, the judicial power of Congress in the matter is exhausted. For it is not a judicial power expressly granted. It is merely implied by the necessity of deciding between two returns, and it must not be carried farther than the necessity requires, that is, to ascertaining the action of the State Board. If a question arises as to the authenticity of the body claiming to be the State Board, it must, of course, also be settled. General Barlow suggests a very simple way of avoiding the disputes about the legality of the election of electors. The moment an elector receives his certificate he is in office—or if not, the State Legislatures should so enact—and he may be ousted by legal process if he be improperly in office. If, therefore, the day upon which the electoral vote is cast were advanced from the first Wednesday in December to the 25th day of February, or some such date, there would be ample time for the adjustment of the official title by the State courts.

This view of the function of Congress in the counting of the electoral vote is that of a radical but reasonable Republican, and it is in accord with the traditional Democratic doctrine upon the subject. It should certainly not be difficult for the two Houses of Congress to agree before the appointed day for counting upon some such general principles. The policy which has been foreshadowed by the action of the Democratic hot-heads in the House under the lead of the Speaker, who is merely a bitter and unscrupulous partisan, is wholly at variance with the Democratic theory of the government, as held and declared by Charles Pinckney and other leaders formerly, and by Senator Bayard and other Democratic leaders to-day. The House and the Senate have sent committees to inquire into the Southern elections. Now Congressional inquiries into the facts of Congressional elections in the States may sometimes be necessary, because the Constitution makes each House the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members. But where does it make Congress or either House the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of Presidential electors? It may be alleged that the Louisiana and other committees intend to inquire only into the Congressional election, but that, as there was but one election, the facts in regard to the choice of electors will necessarily appear. But by what authority does this House investigate elections for members of the next? This is but a feeble subterfuge that has been faintly urged by some ignorant Democrats.

The real purpose of this House investigation of the election in certain States is to ascertain whether it can find plausible reasons for refusing to recognize State action upon a subject which the Constitution expressly confides to the States. There could not be a more total subversion of State rights nor a more absolute centralization. The action of the Democratic House would have rejoiced the heart of Alexander Hamilton as a vindication of his theory of the imperative necessity of a "strong government." The Democratic House, in the desperate effort to seize the Presidency for four years, is abandoning the great and fundamental principle of the Democratic party. Where is the essential difference between Hamilton's proposition that the national government should appoint the State governments, and the present Democratic claim of Congressional power to revise State elections? It is unquestionable that an apparent Republican willingness to allow national interference in the States is one of the chief reasons of the decline of the Republican vote. Yet the moment that this becomes apparent is the moment selected by the Democrats to adopt the same policy. There have been loud Democratic outcries about States lying prostrate under the Federal heel. But it is the Democratic House which now proposes to say to Louisiana and Florida and South Carolina that it will consider whether it will recognize the manner in which, according to the Constitution of the United States, they have chosen to appoint electors. We shall be told that a Republican Congress has actually thrown out the electoral vote of States. But did the Democratic party approve? Is the "reform" Democratic policy to be the Republican measures which it has always denounced as usurpation and tyranny, the overthrow of the Constitution and of civil liberty together?

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

The duties of the President of the Senate in the ceremony of counting the electoral votes are very clearly defined in the Constitution, and they can not be enlarged beyond the constitutional grant. It has been said that he may decide what certificates to open and what to reject. By what authority would he undertake to decide? Certainly by none granted by the Constitution. It is said that the Senate might previously instruct him how to decide. By what authority? The only constitutional duty of the Senate is to be present with the House, that the certificates may be opened before them. Then if a question between two certificates arises, the two Houses, as we have said elsewhere, must of necessity decide which is the one duly authorized by the State. The Houses may agree in what manner they will consider the question. But the President of the Senate, as such, has no more constitutional authority to decide it than the Speaker of the House. At the counting of the votes the Senate has no constitutional power which the House does not share. It is nowhere implied in the Constitution that either House has power to do any thing but witness the opening and counting, and of necessity, as we said, to determine upon constitutional principles which of two certificates shall be received as valid.

It is not even provided that the President of the Senate shall announce the result. But that is a mere form which affects nothing. The person who shall have received the greatest number of votes, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, shall be President whether any announcement to that effect be made or not made. One of the drollest stories of the Washington mill is that Senator Sherman is to have himself elected President of the Senate, so that "if no regular declaration of a President is made," he will be acting President. He will "take pains to prevent any official declaration either of Hayes or Tilden." The President of the Senate has nothing to do with it. If the votes are counted, so many for Hayes, so many for Tilden, any body who is capable of doing a sum in simple addition will know who is the President, whether the President of the Senate speaks or holds his peace. As a matter of courtesy, he has generally been the presiding officer upon such occasions and announced the vote. But that is a purely ceremonial position. He is officially President of the Senate, directed by the Constitution to open the certificates. There is, however, no reason for departing from the usual courtesy, except it be supposed that he proposes to assume powers not conferred by the Constitution.

The place for opening the certificates and counting the votes is not designated in the Constitution. The House of Representatives, which is the larger and more convenient hall for the purpose, has been generally, but not always, selected. The proper place, however, is the Senate-chamber; for it is the President of the Senate whom the Constitution appoints to receive and open the certificates, and the chamber of the body of which he is the official head is obviously the place in which he should perform the duty. Moreover, as no place is prescribed, and the duty is enjoined upon the President of the Senate, he may unquestionably appoint the place and invite the attendance of both Houses. These are details which have been settled without difficulty hitherto, and which should raise no question now. Indeed, nothing but a custom which is not uniform can be urged in favor of the hall of the House of Representatives. The propriety of the case clearly designates the Senate-chamber as the place for counting the vote.

The action of both Houses will be narrowly watched every moment until the final proceedings, and whatever looks like a straining of power or the exercise of questionable authority will be injurious to the side that attempts it. Sensible people, and they are really the majority, this time wish to see no departure from the acknowledged forms of law. The question is not one of party, but of institutions. The paramount duty of the two Houses is to agree in advance upon some rule to govern their action when the votes are counted. The Republicans have properly moved in the matter, but the Democrats show as yet no desire of adjusting the difficulty. Mr. Edmunds, by his amendment and by calling up Mr. Morton's proposition of last year, and Mr. M'Crary in the House by his motion for a joint committee, have led the way in the only rightful solution of the question. The House can hardly undertake to hold that either House alone may throw out the electoral vote of a State upon any pretense whatever; for that would be the assertion that the House alone can set aside the result of State elections lawfully declared, and itself appoint the President. Should it think for a moment of such folly, it would soon find that the people of the United States are not quite ready to vest the whole power of the government in a part of one of its branches.

THE NERVOUS NEWSPAPER READER.

The only safe rule for the newspaper reader of weak nerves in these exciting days is not to believe any especially startling story that he sees in his paper. Or he has perhaps learned by this time that it is quite sure to be contradicted the next morning. That nervous gentleman lately lost his appetite at the breakfast table upon reading that the Democratic Committee had invited all the Southern rifle clubs to assemble in Washington to take part in the festivities upon Mr. Tilden's inauguration. But the next day he was cheered to read that it was all a wicked Republican lie. Then he saw with horror that Mr. Ferry had regretfully confessed to a friend that he should certainly exercise judicial powers, and himself determine what certificates to open, "because his party demanded it"—that awful Republican party, which is strong in the slums, and always first in lawlessness, massacres, intimidation, riots, violence, and insurrection. But a day relieved the unhappy gentleman, for Mr. Ferry distinctly stated that he had said nothing of the kind.

There was no time for cheerfulness, however; because the newspaper of the next day asserted, in that frightful open type which is so alarming to the nervous Head of the Family, that Mr. Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, had prognosticated all kinds of dire disaster to somebody somewhere in the West. Peace was gone for that day, but a few mornings later brought balm in the total denial by Mr. Justice Miller of all such observations. But a free press, the bulwark of our institutions, is indefatigable; and immediately the blood curdled at learning that "the butcher" Sheridan had been ordered to New York, with a squadron of iron-clads to support him, and we were all to be subjected to military despotism of the most remorseless character. This was constant torture to the wearied reader of delicate nerves, until General Sherman authorized the statement that there was no truth in the report. But the allegation that General Grant intends to inaugurate Mr. Hayes, right or wrong, and turn out the House of Representatives at the point of the bayonet, is boldly made in the Democratic papers, to which, as is well known, General Grant always confides his despotic and tyrannical intentions, and the nervous gentleman will wait in vain to hear from the President a denial, because the President knows that a lie runs a league while truth is pulling on his boots. A friend once asked of him authority to correct a lie about him. But General Grant replied, with a smile, that twenty other lies would instantly replace it.

The situation is embarrassing, undoubtedly, and in a great country like this there are always people ready for any kind of mischief. But the nervous reader must remember that newspapers thrive by news, and that in mad party times the idle stories of irresponsible writers have the same general appearance as the truth. The people of this country are loyal to the law, even if it be unwise. Mr. Ben Hill, of Georgia, in a recent interview with a *Herald* correspondent, is reported to have said:

> "One thing is certain—the Southern people want peace; they know well what war means; they know well that civil war is a remedy for no wrong, but an aggravation of all wrongs."

That is the truth of all experience. Mr. Hill echoed the impressive words of a profound student of English history:

> "Let us never glorify revolution. Statesmanship is the art of avoiding it, and of making progress at once continuous and calm. Revolutions are not only full of all that a good citizen and a good Christian hates, while they last, but they leave a long train of bitterness behind. The energy and the exaltation of character which they call forth are paid for in the lassitude, the depression, the political infidelity, which ensue."

There is nothing in our present situation which is not capable of ready adjustment by Congress, and during the adjournment members will discover that the people intend that all questions shall be harmoniously settled.

MR. EDMUNDS'S AMENDMENT.

Senator Edmunds is at least to be congratulated upon the character of the support that his constitutional amendment received. It provided in substance that the Supreme Court should open the electoral certificates and count the votes; and the person having the greatest number of votes, "considered by the court to have been lawfully given and certified," if such should be a majority of all the electors appointed, should be the President. This proposition gave to the only tribunal in the country that by its tenure could have no improper interest in the result, exclusive authority to decide upon the validity of the certificates and to count the vote. The questions submitted to its decision in determining disputes about electors would be dependent upon evidence, and strictly judicial; and fortunately the respect of the country for the Supreme Court has not been seriously impaired. If any tribunal whatever could be considered impartial upon such a subject, it is the Supreme Court; and in the present embarrassment there is no doubt that its arbitration in some form had been looked to as a satisfactory solution.

Those who sustained the amendment were Messrs. Allison, Anthony, Blaine, Burnside, Conkling, Edmunds, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, Hamlin, Hitchcock, Key, Morrill, West, and Wright. Messrs. Christiancy and Windom were paired, but they would have supported it had they voted. Thirteen Republicans and one Democrat voted for it, and thirteen Republicans and eighteen Democrats against it. A glance at the names, however, shows that the Republican element comprises most of the Republican leaders in whom the country has the highest confidence, and we do not doubt that Senator Edmunds reflects upon "exiled Marcellus" with satisfaction.

The argument against the amendment was drawn from the indisposition to "drag the court into politics." That objection is not exactly valid, for the reason that the court, as we said, would be summoned to deal with purely judicial questions. In case of a contested certificate, its inquiry would be, which is valid under the laws of the State? The court would not undertake the ordinary duties of a Returning Board, but would seek only to ascertain the action of the authorized State tribunal. In cases scarcely to be anticipated, and always very unusual, it might be obliged to inquire whether the body claiming to be the State tribunal really was such.

Dragging the court into politics, it seems to us, would be accomplished in another way than by confiding to it a purely judicial function. The candidacy of a Supreme justice for a political office, for instance, would tend to the result that Mr. Bogy and Mr. Morton deplored. The doubt in regard to the counting of the vote and the settlement of a contest over the certificates arises from the consciousness that it is a purely judicial function, for which both Houses of Congress are feared to be incompetent. We regard the vote upon the amendment of Mr. Edmunds as significant. It shows that there are a large number of Republican Senators who are not disposed to take an extreme partisan view, but who are sincerely desirous of settling a question which the Constitution does not settle, but which must be settled in a spirit of harmony and reason.

THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE.

The recent appointment of postmaster at Philadelphia has excited a great deal of attention, and it has been denounced as another illustration of the weakness of the President. But the President two years ago renounced adherence to the rules which he had formerly approved, upon the ground that they were impracticable without the co-operation of Congress. In the present instance he has conformed to the custom which both parties practically respect, while protest against it is condemned as visionary folly. We are sorry that the President did not resolve four years ago to insist upon his constitutional right, and to try conclusions with the usurpation of the Senate upon this subject. He yielded, however, to the general sentiment of both parties and the established practice, and so lost an immense opportunity of elevating and purifying our politics. The objection to the recent appointment in Philadelphia on the part of those who favor a reform of the civil service is not that the new officer is not worthy and competent, but that the old one was equally so, and was not re-appointed because certain politicians, for political and not for valid reasons, were opposed to him.

The late postmaster was promoted from a lower post under the general regulations adopted by the President four years ago. His service has been efficient and satisfactory, and as his commission was about expiring, his re-appointment was asked by representatives of all the great interests in the city. According to the published and unquestioned statements, however, Senator Cameron and his son, the Secretary of War, with Governor Hartranft, all active Republican politicians, were displeased, upon party grounds, with the postmaster, and exerted themselves to prevent his re-appointment. The President is reported to have wished to retain a faithful and excellent officer, but was overborne by the pressure of the politicians, and finally nominated an officer in the Mint as postmaster. This gentleman, it seems, was not the candidate of the Cameron interest. But as the late postmaster was not re-appointed, that interest is said to be satisfied.

These are the main facts as reported, and without dispute. Justice to the President demands that it should be remembered that he could appoint to the office only with the advice and consent of the Senate. It should also be remembered that in all such appointments the Senate has virtually absorbed the appointing power. It has become a practice which has the force of law in the Senate that such nominations as those to post-offices and other local positions shall be confirmed not upon general considerations of fitness, which is the plain constitutional and reasonable intention, but only at the will of the Senator or Senators from the State. If he or they oppose a nomination, the monstrous "courtesy of the Senate" defeats it for that reason. The consequence is that the power of nomination which is given by the Constitution to the President is practically usurped by the Senate. The President knows that the candidate recommended by the Senator will be confirmed, and that the one he opposes will be rejected. This is not, indeed, always the case. Mr. Dana failed of confirmation even against the support of both the Senators from Massachusetts. But there have been instances of vacancies upon the bench for more than a year because the President declined to nominate candidates urged upon him by Senatorial influence, while the same influence was strong enough to defeat in the Senate those who were nominated.

If the President had renominated the late postmaster at Philadelphia, Senator Cameron, the Republican Senator from Pennsylvania, would have opposed him, and the "courtesy of the Senate" would have sustained his opposition. The President would have been compelled either to leave the post vacant or to make another nomination. He saw the dilemma, and decided to take the latter course. In our judgment, however, he should have discharged his own duty, which was plain, and have renominated an admirable and experienced officer. If the Senate had rejected him, the President would have done his duty. The action of the Senate would have forcibly called public attention to its practical usurpation as one of the worst evils of the present monstrous system of appointments in the public service.

PERSONAL.

Sir William Thomson, one of the most eminent of the scientific men of Great Britain, says that there prevails in America "the truest scientific spirit and devotion, the originality, the inventiveness, the patient persevering thoroughness of work, the appreciativeness, and the generous open-mindedness and sympathy, from which the great things of science come." Sir William received the honor of knighthood on the completion of the laying of the first Atlantic cable, he having made several important discoveries in magnetism and electrical science that have been utilized in telegraphy.

—Mr. Gladstone is at present preparing a translation of the Latin preface to the Welsh version of the Bible published by Bishop Morgan in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By-the-way, this curious anecdote of the ex-Premier comes to us in a London paper received by the last steamer: "One day last week Mr. Gladstone was passing one of his lodge gates with an axe slung across his shoulder, on a tree-felling expedition, when he came across the drayman belonging to the Northop brewery unloading beer. The man had a cask of beer to get down, and seeing the woodman coming, shouted, 'Hoi, measter, give us a lift with this barrel of beer out of the cart.' The woodman graciously responded, and went up to the cart for the purpose of assisting the man, who said, 'You stand at the tail end of the cart, measter, and I'll roll un down to 'ee.' Mr. Gladstone accordingly stood at the tail end of the cart, as he had been directed, and after a struggle the barrel of beer was safely deposited on the ground. 'And now, mate,' said the drayman, wiping his heated brow, 'come into the village, and you shall have the best glass of beer in the place.'" Here the exciting story ends, at the most interesting episode. Did he, ah! did he decline the proffered glass?

—A London paper states as a fact, but gives no names, that the head manager of one private bank in London receives a salary of $150,000 per annum, and the two assistant managers $50,000 each. The managers of the other principal London banks receive salaries varying from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, the smallest of which sums is larger than is paid to any banker in America.

—In a recent letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, Mr. Moncure D. Conway gives this sketch of three famous people, as they recently sat in a London lecture-room: "A little way off were G. H. Lewes, whose always striking countenance gets better-looking as he gets older, and 'George Eliot,' with whom the reverse is the case, and to get a look at whom all the ladies rose on tiptoe, whispering, 'There she is.' William Black, too, was there, but I had only time to get from him that his recent American journey was a continuous festivity. He has come back with heroines enough for one thousand novels, and looking vigorous enough to turn them all into romance."

—Governor Hayes had some distinguished classmates at the Harvard Law School, where he graduated in 1845. Samuel Green Arnold became Governor of Rhode Island; Josephus M'Keen Churchill is a judge of a Massachusetts court; John Lowell is judge of the United States Court; Horace Binney Sargent distinguished himself in the war, and is noted as a scholar and philanthropist; Anson Burlingame was a leading member of Congress, minister to China, and held many other distinguished positions; Stephen M. Allen identified himself with the general manufactures of the country and real estate; Robert Codman became a distinguished lawyer; William A. Richardson became Judge of Probate, and subsequently Secretary of the Treasury; Nathan Morse distinguished himself in his profession as a very successful lawyer. The class contained many others from the South and West who have become leading men in their localities.

—The Mlles. Vescelius, who have recently returned to this country from Paris, are already known to the American public as popular and accomplished singers. About two years ago they went to Europe for the purpose of studying under the direction of the best masters, and last summer they made a successful concert tour in England. After their first concert in London an English critic said of them: "They are to be congratulated on their success, as their début has been made in one of the most trying halls in London for the voice, and if a singer succeeds in making an impression on an audience there, she has achieved a victory. They possess a fine stage presence, and a very pleasing, unaffected manner. The three sisters possess totally different voices—a pure soprano, a sympathetic mezzo-soprano, and a deep contralto—which must be considered an extraordinary coincidence in one family. Their solos are executed with taste, and evince artistic culture, and their ballads are sung with feeling and wonderful expression."

—The Khan of Khiva is a pleasant person of twenty-eight, with a merry twinkle in his eye, very unusual among Orientals. He dresses richly, and wears a black Astrakhan hat of a sugar-loaf shape. He is, upon occasion, hospitable and friendly, but he has vague notions about the world outside his own dominions. He asked Captain Burnaby whether Englishmen and Germans are of the same nation, and if the Queen could have a subject's head cut off; and he uttered the remarkable statement that China belonged to England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, December 11, discussed Mr. Edmunds's bill to have the electoral vote counted by the Supreme Court, and on the 13th the bill was defeated by a vote of 14 to 31. On the same day, the Senate passed the bill appropriating money for the payment of the expenses of the Southern investigating committees. Senator Sherman presented the petition of General Joseph E. Johnston, asking the removal of his political disabilities. Referred. In the House, Mr. Glover (Democrat), of Missouri, introduced a bill for the protection of States against domestic violence. It provides that the President shall employ the army and navy for such purpose only after the Legislature of a State has certified to him that the authority of the State is forcibly resisted, and is unable to overcome such resistance, or after the Governor has certified to him that riot, insurrection, or overt acts of rebellion have occurred which such Governor has endeavored and is unable to suppress, and also that he has endeavored to convene the Legislature, and that such Legislature can not be convened by reason of such domestic violence. Referred. In the House, December 12, Mr. Blair introduced a constitutional amendment forbidding the manufacture and sale of distilled liquors as a beverage after the year 1900. Referred. The Fortification Appropriation Bill, appropriating $250,000, and the Post-office Bill, appropriating $32,983,125, were reported to the House, December 12. The Speaker, December 12, appointed as committee to inquire as to whether frauds were practiced in the election in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Philadelphia, Messrs. Cox, of New York, Rice, of Ohio, Waddell, of North Carolina, M'Dougall, of New York, and Wells, of Mississippi.—Mr. Bogy, of Missouri, presented in the Senate, December 12, a memorial, signed by himself and Senators Stevenson and M'Donald, embracing the report of the Democratic committee on the Louisiana Returning Board's canvass. Ordered printed.—The House, December 13, passed the Bland Silver Bill by a vote of 167 to 53. It provides for the coinage of a standard silver dollar of 412½ grains, which shall be a legal tender for all debts, public and private, except where the payment of gold coin is required by law.—The Senate, December 14, occupied the entire day in the discussion of the Louisiana election case, and finally voted to print the documents of both the visiting committees. The House adopted a substitute for the M'Crary bill relating to the counting of the electoral vote. The President sent to Congress a special message on the sending of troops to Petersburg at the recent election. The House went into a Committee of the Whole on the Post-office Appropriation Bill. The total amount appropriated is $32,983,125, of which $2,338,460 are appropriated as a deficiency of receipts below expenditures. A discussion as to the cost of railroad mail transportation was carried on, principally between Mr. Holman (Democrat), Indiana, who had charge of the bill, and Mr. Reagan (Democrat), Texas. Mr. Holman stated that under the reduced compensation established last session the cost had been reduced from $9,542,000 to $8,556,233. The committee estimated that the cost for the next fiscal year would be about $8,800,000, but it recommended an appropriation of $9,000,000. He thought that the rates paid to railroad companies were much too high, and that the amount might fairly be reduced by $2,000,000. Mr. Clark, from the same committee, reported back adversely the Senate amendments to the Post Route Bill of the last session. He stated that the amendments were for establishing fast mails between New York, Chicago, and other points, re-enacting the franking privilege, and giving the First, Second, and Third Assistant Postmasters-General authority to sign contracts without their being signed by the Postmaster-General. The amendments were non-concurred in.—The House, December 15, appointed a committee of seven, in accordance with Mr. M'Crary's resolution, to act with a Senate committee of equal number to devise some method of counting the electoral vote.

Wade Hampton was inaugurated as Governor of South Carolina December 14, the oath being administered by Judge Mackey, an uncle of Speaker Mackey.

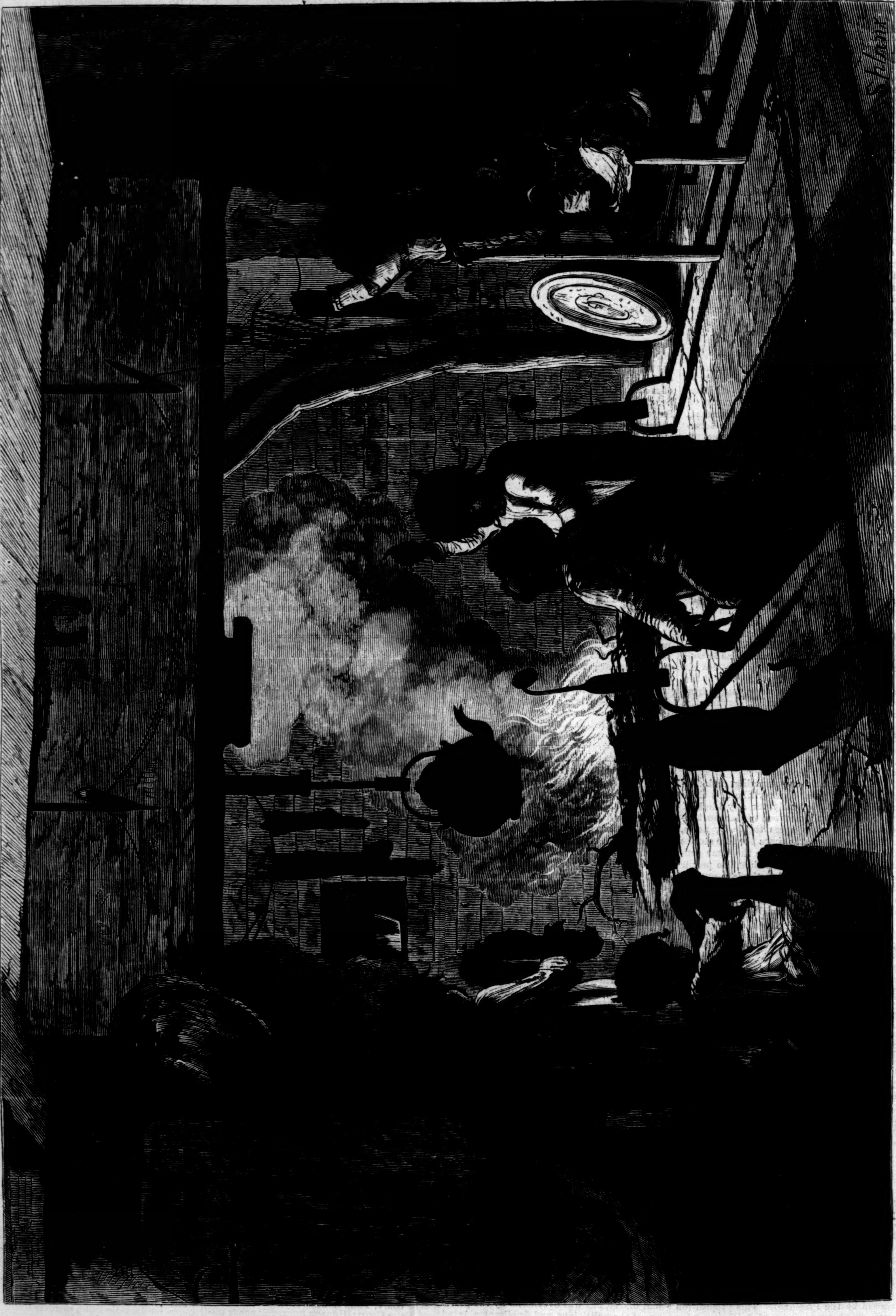
At an early hour on the morning of December 12, there was a rush of ice in the river north of St. Louis, which, forcing itself upon the ice in the harbor opposite the city, carried it down stream with great rapidity, bearing with it several steamers lying at the northern bank. Some of the boats were wrecked, and others badly damaged. The total loss is estimated at $150,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

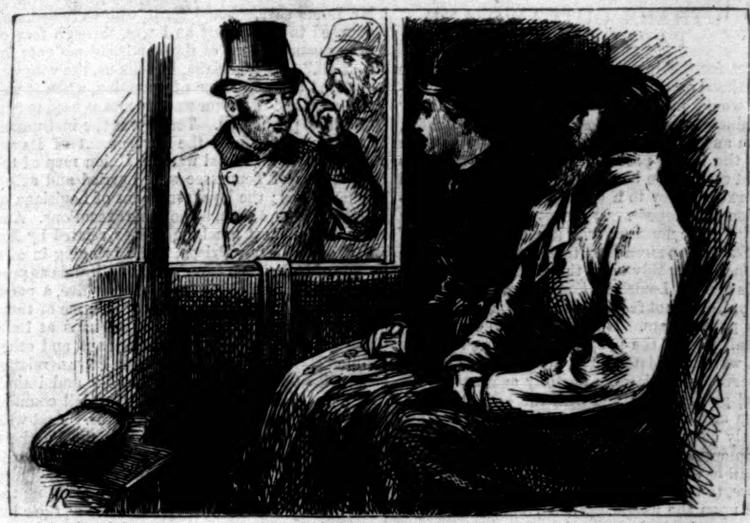
A telegram from Bucharest reports that the Russians are forming a vast fortified camp at Bender. The work is going on night and day. Stores in great quantities are accumulating there and at Tiraspol. Large barracks are being constructed at Faltsi and Unghenz. Immense quantities of hay are being stored in Bucharest.

The French ministerial crisis is ended. M. Simon has been appointed President of the Council and Minister of the Interior, and M. Martel Minister of Justice. MM. Dufaure and Marcère retire; the other ministers remain as at present.

The relations of Spain and the Vatican are not very friendly, it is said, principally in consequence of the dispute relative to the Italian church in Madrid.



CHRISTMAS-EVE—GETTING READY FOR SANTA CLAUS.—[SEE PAGE 1057.]



"PLEASE, SIR, WE WERE TO ASK FOR MR. JONES."

Christmas at Thompson Hall.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIME MINISTER," "ORLEY FARM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. BROWN AT THOMPSON HALL.

"PLEASE, Sir, we were to ask for Mr. Jones," said the servant, putting his head into the carriage after both Mr. and Mrs. Brown had seated themselves.

"Mr. Jones!" exclaimed the husband.

"Why ask for Mr. Jones?" demanded the wife. The servant was about to tender some explanation, when Mr. Jones stepped up and said that he was Mr. Jones. "We are going to Thompson Hall," said the lady, with great vigor.

"So am I," said Mr. Jones, with much dignity. It was, however, arranged that he should sit with the coachman, as there was a rumble behind for the other servant. The luggage was put into a cart, and away all went for Thompson Hall.

"What do you think about it, Mary?" whispered Mr. Brown, after a pause. He was evidently awe-struck by the horror of the occasion.

"I can not make it out at all. What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. Jones going to Thompson Hall!"

"He's a very good-looking young man," said Mrs. Brown.

"Well—that's as people think. A stiff, stuck-up fellow, I should say. Up to this moment he has never forgiven you for what you did to him."

"Would you have forgiven his wife, Charles, if she'd done it to you?"

"He hasn't got a wife—yet."

"How do you know?"

"He is coming home now to be married," said Mr. Brown. "He expects to meet the young lady this very Christmas-day. He told me so. That was one of the reasons why he was so angry at being stopped by what you did last night."

"I suppose he knows Uncle John, or he wouldn't be going to the Hall," said Mrs. Brown.

"I can't make it out," said Mr. Brown, shaking his head.

"He looks quite like a gentleman," said Mrs. Brown, "though he has been so stiff. Jones! Barnaby Jones! You're sure it was Barnaby?"

"That was the name on the card."

"Not Burnaby?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"It was Barnaby Jones on the card—just the same as 'Barnaby Rudge;' and as for looking like a gentleman, I'm by no means quite so sure. A gentleman takes an apology when it's offered."

"Perhaps, my dear, that depends on the condition of his throat. If you had had a mustard plaster on all night, you might not have liked it. But here we are at Thompson Hall at last."

Thompson Hall was an old brick mansion, standing within a huge iron gate, with a gravel sweep before it. It had stood there before Stratford was a town, or even a suburb, and had then been known by the name of Bow Place. But it had been in the hands of the present family for the last thirty years, and was now known far and wide as Thompson Hall—a comfortable, roomy, old-fashioned place, perhaps a little dark and dull to look at, but much more substantially built than most of our modern villas. Mrs. Brown jumped with alacrity from the carriage, and with a quick step entered the home of her forefathers. Her husband followed her more leisurely, but he too felt that he was at home at Thompson Hall. Then Mr. Jones walked in also; but he looked as though he were not at all at home. It was still very early, and no one of the family was as yet down. In these circumstances it was almost necessary that something should be said to Mr. Jones.

"Do you know Mr. Thompson?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I never had the pleasure of seeing him—as yet," answered Mr. Jones, very stiffly.

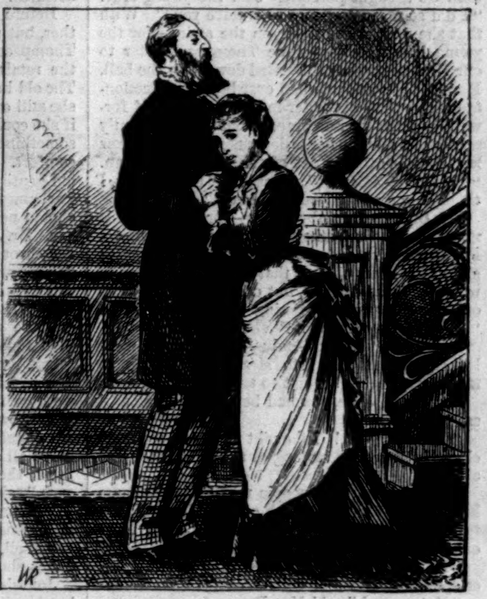
"Oh—I didn't know. Because you said you were coming here."

"And I have come here. Are you friends of Mr. Thompson?"

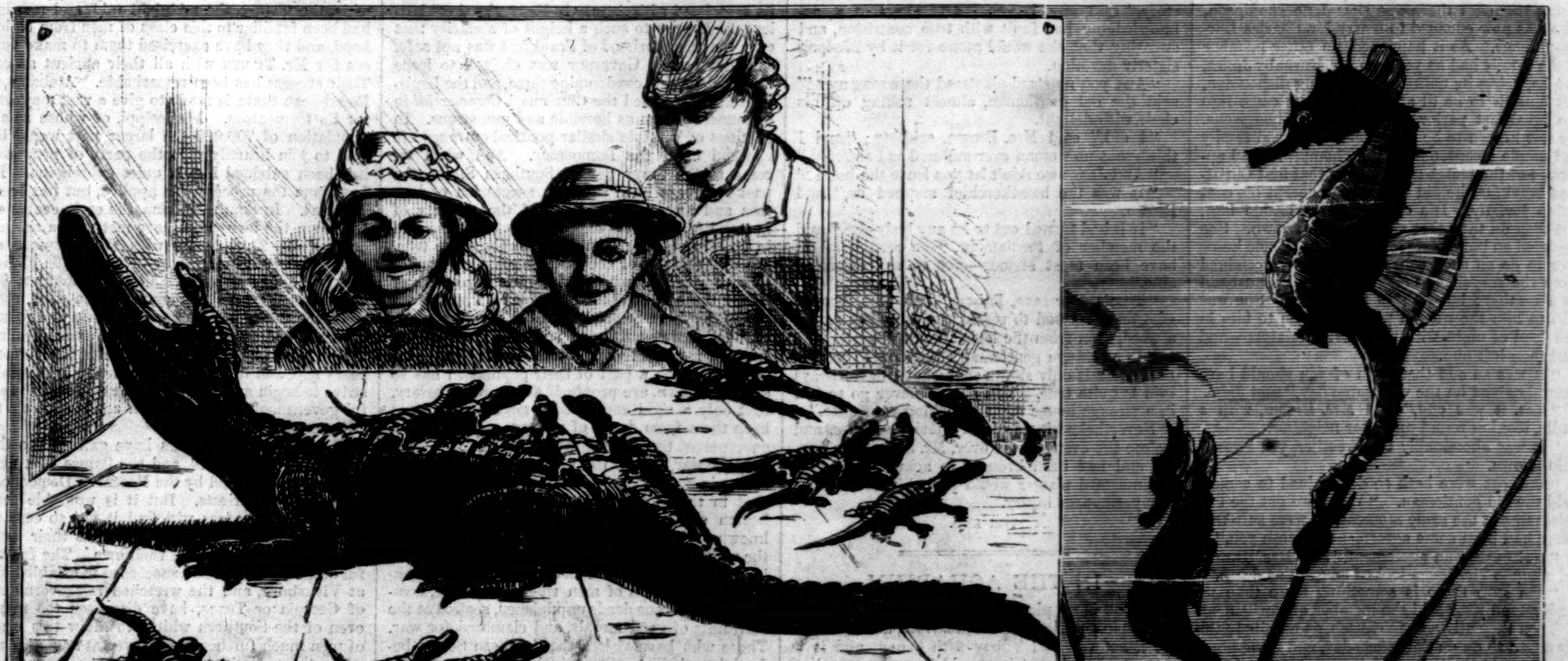
"Oh dear yes," said Mrs. Brown. "I was a Thompson myself before I married."

"Oh—indeed!" said Mr. Jones. "How very odd!—very odd indeed."

During this time the luggage was being brought into the house, and two old family servants were offering them assistance. Would the new-comers like to go up to their bedrooms? Then the housekeeper, Mrs. Green, intimated with a wink that Miss Jane would, she was sure, be down quite immediately. The present moment, however, was still very unpleasant, The lady probably had made her guess as to the mystery, but the two gentlemen were still altogether in the dark. Mrs. Brown had no doubt declared her parentage, but Mr. Jones, with such a multitude of strange facts crowding on his mind, had been slow to understand her. Being somewhat suspicious by nature, he was beginning to think whether possibly the mustard had been put by this lady on his throat with some reference to his connection with Thompson Hall. Could it be that she, for some reason of her own, had wished to prevent his coming, and had contrived this untoward stratagem out of her brain? or had she wished to make him ridiculous to the Thompson family, to whom, as a family, he was at present unknown? It was becoming more and more improbable to him that the whole thing should have been an accident. When, after the first horrid torments of that morning in which he had in his agony invoked the assistance of the night-porter, he had begun to reflect on his situation, he had determined that it would be better that nothing further should be said about it. What would life be worth to him if he were to be known wherever he went as the man who had been mustard-plastered in the middle of the night by a strange lady? The worst of a practical joke is that the remembrance of the absurd condition sticks so long to the sufferer. At the hotel that night-porter, who had possessed himself of the handkerchief, and had read the name, and had connected that name with the occupant of 333, whom he had found wandering about the house with some strange purpose, had not permitted the thing to sleep. The porter had pressed the matter home against the Browns, and had produced the interview which has been recorded. But during the whole of that day Mr. Jones had been resolving that he would never again either think of the Browns or speak of them. A great injury had been done to him—a most outrageous injustice; but it was a thing which had to be endured. A horrid woman had come across him like a nightmare. All he could do was to endeavor to forget the terrible visitation. Such had been his resolve, in making which he had passed that long day in Paris. And now the Browns had stuck to him from the moment of his leaving his room! He had been forced to travel with them, but had traveled with them as a stranger. He had



"'THIS IS MY CHARLES,' SHE SAID."



A VISIT TO THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.—[SEE PAGE 1054.]

tried to comfort himself with the reflection that at every fresh stage he would shake them off. In one railway after another the vicinity had been bad—but still they were strangers. Now he found himself in the same house with them, where of course the story would be told. Had not the thing been done on purpose that the story might be told there at Thompson Hall?

Mrs. Brown had acceded to the proposition of the housekeeper, and was about to be taken to her room, when there was heard a sound of footsteps along the passage above and on the stairs, and a young lady came bounding on to the scene. "You have all of you come a quarter of an hour earlier than we thought possible," said the young lady. "I did so mean to be up to receive you!" With that she passed her sister on the stairs—for the young lady was Miss Jane Thompson, sister to our Mrs. Brown—and hurried down into the hall. Here Mr. Brown, who had ever been on affectionate terms with his sister-in-law, put himself forward to receive her embraces; but she, apparently not noticing him in her ardor, rushed on and threw herself on to the breast of the other gentleman. "This is my Charles," she said. "Oh, Charles, I thought you never would be here!"

Mr. Charles Burnaby Jones—for such was his name since he had inherited the Jones property in Pembrokeshire—received into his arms the ardent girl of his heart with all that love and devotion to which she was entitled, but could not do so without some external shrinking from her embrace. "Oh, Charles, what is it?" she said.

"Nothing, dearest—only—only—" Then he looked piteously up into Mrs. Brown's face, as though imploring her not to tell the story.

"Perhaps, Jane, you had better introduce us," said Mrs. Brown.

"Introduce you! I thought you had been traveling together, and staying at the same hotel, and all that."

"So we have; but people may be in the same hotel without knowing each other. And we have traveled all the way home with Mr. Jones without in the least knowing who he was."

"How very odd! Do you mean you have never spoken?"

"Not a word," said Mrs. Brown.

"I do so hope you'll love each other," said Jane.

"It sha'n't be my fault if we don't," said Mrs. Brown.

"I'm sure it sha'n't be mine," said Mr. Brown, tendering his hand to the other gentleman. The various feelings of the moment were too much for Mr. Jones, and he could not respond quite as he should have done. But as he was taken up stairs to his room, he determined that he would make the best of it.

The owner of the house was old Uncle John. He was a bachelor, and with him lived various members of the family. There was the great Thompson of them all, Cousin Robert, who was now member of Parliament for the Essex Flats; and young John, as a certain enterprising Thompson of the age of forty was usually called; and then there was old Aunt Bess; and among other young branches there was Miss Jane Thompson, who was now engaged to marry Mr. Charles Burnaby Jones. As it happened, no other member of the family had as yet seen Mr. Burnaby Jones, and he, being by nature of a retiring disposition, felt himself to be ill at ease when he came into the breakfast parlor among all the Thompsons. He was known to be a gentleman of good family and ample means, and all the Thompsons had approved of the match; but during that first Christmas breakfast he did not seem to accept his condition jovially. His own Jane sat beside him, but then on the other side sat Mrs. Brown. She assumed an immediate intimacy—as women know how to do on such occasions—being determined from the very first to regard her sister's husband as a brother; but he still feared her. She was still to him the woman who had come to him in the dead of night with that horrid mixture—and had then left him.

"It was so odd that both of you should have been detained on the very same day," said Jane.

"Yes, it was odd," said Mrs. Brown, with a smile, looking round upon her neighbor.

"It was abominably bad weather, you know," said Brown.

"But you were both so determined to come," said the old gentleman. "When we got the two telegrams at the same moment, we were sure that there had been some agreement between you."

"Not exactly an agreement," said Mrs. Brown; whereupon Mr. Jones looked as grim as death.

"I'm sure there is something more than we understand yet," said the member of Parliament.

Then they all went to church, as a united family ought to do on Christmas-day, and came home to a fine old English early dinner at three o'clock—a sirloin of beef a foot and a half broad, a turkey as big as an ostrich, a plum-pudding bigger than the turkey, and two or three dozen mince-pies. "That's a very large bit of beef," said Mr. Jones, who had not lived much in England latterly.

"It won't look so large," said the old gentleman, "when all our friends down stairs have had their say to it." "A plum-pudding on Christmas-day can't be too big," he said again, "if the cook will but take time enough over it. I never knew a bit go to waste yet."

By this time there had been some explanation as to past events between the two sisters. Mrs. Brown had, indeed, told Jane all about it—how ill her husband had been, how she had been forced to go down and look for the mustard, and then what she had done with the mustard.

"I don't think they are a bit alike, you know, Mary, if you mean that," said Jane.

"Well, no; perhaps not quite alike. I only saw his beard, you know. No doubt it was stupid, but I did it."

"Why didn't you take it off again?" asked the sister.

"Oh, Jane, if you'd only think of it! Could you?" Then, of course, all that occurred was explained—how they had been stopped on their journey, how Brown had made the best apology in his power, and how Jones had traveled with them and had never spoken a word. The gentleman had only taken his new name a week since, but of course had had his new card printed immediately. "I'm sure I should have thought of it, if they hadn't made a mistake of the first name. Charles said it was like Barnaby Rudge."

"Not at all like Barnaby Rudge," said Jane: "Charles Burnaby Jones is a very good name."

"Very good indeed—and I'm sure that after a little bit he won't be at all the worse for the accident."

Before dinner the secret had been told no further, but still there had crept about among the Thompsons, and, indeed, down stairs also among the retainers, a feeling that there was a secret. The old housekeeper was sure that Miss Mary, as she still called Mrs. Brown, had something to tell, if she could only be induced to tell it, and that this something had reference to Mr. Jones's personal comfort. The head of the family, who was a sharp old gentleman, felt this also, and the member of Parliament, who had an idea that he especially should never be kept in the dark, was almost angry. Mr. Jones, suffering from some kindred feeling throughout the dinner, remained silent and unhappy. When two or three toasts had been drunk—the Queen's health, the old gentleman's health, the young couple's health, Brown's health, and the general health of all the Thompsons—then tongues were loosened and a question was asked. "I know that there has been something doing in Paris between these young people that we haven't heard as yet," said the uncle. Then Mrs. Brown laughed, and Jane, laughing too, gave Mr. Jones to understand that she, at any rate, knew all about it.

"If there is a mystery, I hope it will be told at once," said the member of Parliament, angrily.

"Come, Brown, what is it?" asked another male cousin.

"Well, there was an accident. I'd rather Jones should tell," said he.

Jones's brow became blacker than thunder, but he did not say a word. "You mustn't be angry with Mary," Jane whispered into her lover's ear.

"Come, Mary, you never were slow at talking," said the uncle.

"I do hate this kind of thing," said the member of Parliament.

"I will tell it all," said Mrs. Brown, very nearly in tears, or else pretending to be very nearly in tears. "I know I was very wrong, and I do beg his pardon; and if he won't say that he forgives me, I never shall be happy again." Then she clasped her hands, and, turning round, looked him piteously in the face.

"Oh yes; I do forgive you," said Mr. Jones.

"My brother," said she, throwing her arms round him and kissing him. He recoiled from the embrace, but I think that he attempted to return the kiss. "And now I will tell the whole story," said Mrs. Brown. And she told it, acknowledging her fault with true contrition, and swearing that she would atone for it by life-long sisterly devotion.

"And you mustard-plastered the wrong man!" said the old gentleman, almost rolling off his chair with delight.

"I did," said Mrs. Brown, sobbing; "and I think that no woman ever suffered as I suffered."

"And Jones wouldn't let you leave the hotel?"

"It was the handkerchief stopped us," said Brown.

"If it had turned out to be any body else," said the member of Parliament, "the results might have been most serious—not to say discreditable."

"That's nonsense, Robert," said Mrs. Brown, who was disposed to resent the use of so severe a word, even from the legislator cousin.

"In a strange gentleman's bedroom!" he continued. "It only shows that what I have always said is quite true. You should never go to bed in a strange house without locking your door."

Nevertheless it was a very jovial meeting, and before the evening was over, Mr. Jones was happy, and had been brought to acknowledge that the mustard plaster would probably not do him any permanent injury.

THE END.

IN THE AQUARIUM.

There is no pleasanter place of resort in this city than the New York Aquarium, at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, and it is not surprising that it should be well patronized by young and old. The only wonder is that such an establishment was not started here long ago. Our illustration on page 1053 shows some of the curious and interesting objects to be seen in the tanks. There is the alligator, with its small and numerous family, and the sea-horse, whose motions and antics in the water are a source of intense amusement to youthful spectators. It is one of the most popular specimens of marine life in the collection, and even grown people forget their gravity in watching it. There is not a tank, however, in the establishment which does not contain curious or beautiful objects worthy of attention and study. Every part of the great ocean world contributes something, and the rivers and lakes of both hemispheres have their share in the entertainment. One can learn more about the forms and habits of marine animals from studying the Aquarium tanks a few days than by a year's reading; and surely a pleasanter method of study can hardly be imagined. The managers are unceasing in their efforts to provide new specimens, and there is reason to believe that the New York Aquarium will soon rival the most flourishing establishments of the kind in Europe.

SOUTHERN OUTLAWS AND PAPAL PRIESTS.

But for the interference of the ultramontane priesthood in our national politics, the recent election would have resulted in a complete victory for education and progress, reform and economy, union and perfect safety; and it is quite possible that the better portion of the Southern whites might easily have been won over by a liberal and honorable policy to a condition of general satisfaction and repose. It is not likely that many of the more humane and intelligent people of the South, any more than those of the rest of the Union, look calmly upon the violent and terrible deeds done in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi, or do not feel a proper indignation against their perpetrators. It is quite possible that only a small part of the people are laboring to excite civil war, intimidate voters, drive off Union men, preserve an implacable hostility against the national government; and with the spread of education and of general ease, this violent and disorderly class might rapidly disappear. But the ultramontane priesthood of New York and Cincinnati have interfered, as they have so often done before, to stir up the rage of factions and bring peril upon the nation. Their conduct has been indiscreet beyond conception, dangerous to the republic, but still more dangerous to themselves. The people will not easily forget that the interference of a single sect in politics threw the whole country into confusion. But their error it is too late to amend. The violent faction of the priesthood have joined the violent faction of the South to produce disunion and disorder. It will be the duty of the wiser part of the people to see that they are both disappointed in their aim.

And should the conditions of the election of 1876 be inquired into generally, many misconceptions will no doubt be cleared up and many doubts removed. The first question to be answered to the people will be, Has there been a just and free election in those States which were lately in rebellion? Of the one hundred and eighty-four votes claimed for Mr. Tilden, one hundred and nineteen come from a part of the country which can scarcely be said to have ever been at peace since the fall of Sumter, and which long before was ruled by a violent class of men who proclaimed their hostility to the rest of the Union. Over all this section of the country it is believed that in the recent election intimidation was practiced, and that horrible political outrages were used to insure Mr. Tilden's election. If this be so, it is plain that in any case he could not be chosen, even had he won Louisiana, or Florida, or South Carolina. The vote of all the other Southern States would be in doubt or invalidated if the intimidation is proved; for even Kentucky and Virginia may be said not to be wholly exempt from it. The process in these two States was slower and less apparent, but no one can read the accounts of the acts of violence which have occurred there since the war without feeling that the idea of a perfectly free election can not be associated with them. In Kentucky these lawless deeds grew to such a height of audacity that even the neighborhood of Frankfort was not safe. The Democratic Governor was obliged to issue his proclamation condemning them, and the Louisville *Courier* joined the Cincinnati *Commercial* in denouncing them as horrible and monstrous. In portions of Virginia similar political outrages are charged upon the Democracy. And when we come to the lower tier of Southern States, the past ten years have shown a succession of horrors and an utter disregard of the sanctity of human life, an excess of cruelty that can be found in no other land. If these statements are true, the wild outlaws of the South have shown traits of barbarity that not even Bulgaria can equal.

Are these statements probable? The history of the Southern States before the rebellion, their conduct during that mad scene of carnage, the spirit of resolute hatred toward the national government which a part of their population has so steadily shown, are proofs, if any were necessary, that only a rigid and forcible government could keep them from deeds of violence. And such a government these States have never known. Before the war, human life was as little valued as it is now in South Carolina. The fugitive slave was shot in the swamps, the antislavery agent was beaten or burned. Liberty of speech was unknown; schools were rare; the great majority of the whites and nearly all the colored people lived in deep ignorance and brutality. A wild, reckless, terrible class of men ruled in politics, committed barbarous deeds unpunished, scoffed at the restraints of good morals, and clamored for war. Those who have visited the Southern States before the rebellion will no doubt remember the intolerant hatred shown by this class of men for the Union and the North. They had resolved on secession, and were eager for civil war. "Our young men," the elder citizens of South Carolina would tell the stranger, "are resolved to secede, and can not be controlled." The majority of the citizens even of South Carolina were opposed to violent measures; in Georgia the whole community condemned the madness of the agitators of Charleston; North Carolina and Virginia voted steadily against secession. Yet such was the intimidation used by the violent minority, so feeble and abject had the better part of the community grown in the presence of their criminal classes, that loyal men were driven helplessly into rebellion and war. Intimidation, therefore, has always been the method employed by Southern politicians to attain their ends. Personal violence, long before the rebellion, was one chief means on which they relied to insure the subjection of the people.

The Virginia Convention stood 45 for secession and 90 against it, Mr. Botts tells us in his *Great Rebellion*, an unquestioned authority. After Sumter a riotous and furious mob of traitors surrounded it and forced it to pass the act of rebellion. It was never ratified by the people. "Thousands," Mr. Botts says, "voted for it, who were as much opposed to it at heart as I was, through fear of consequences; tens of thousands did not vote for it at all." In Louisiana, he tells us, the vote was declared to be in favor of secession, when it was really against it. Fear was the means used to rule the white population. Terror was the instrument employed to enforce the government of Davis. All through that fatal war the Union men of the mountains of Tennessee were harried and exiled or murdered; the loyal sentiment of Louisiana or Texas was kept down by horrible executions. And one of the most touching scenes related by Mr. Ely, of the Libby Prison, is the bringing in of a troop of Union men from Western Virginia as prisoners, led by an old man of seventy-five, a patriarchal martyr of loyalty. What became of them is not known. They perished perhaps at Belle Isle or Andersonville. The Germans and other Unionists of Texas, Dr. Adolph Deval relates, were kept in subjection by murder and intimidation. In Keer, Gillespie, and Kendall counties there was a perpetual rule of terror. And with the same method of intimidation the Southern leaders hoped to oppress and overawe the courage of the Union soldiers. The wild and lawless men seemed to find a savage pleasure in taunting the Northern prisoners with the miseries of their lot. Wretched, filthy, naked, wasted by famine and disease, fed like swine, living like brutes, the commission of inquiry relates, our men came, if they escaped with life, from Libby Prison, Belle Isle, or Andersonville. At Libby they perished slowly and sadly; at Belle Isle, an island in the James River, they were exposed, naked and nearly famished, to the sharp winter cold, and were sometimes found frozen dead in the morning; at Andersonville, a huge pen in Georgia, they were herded together without shelter, a vast throng of miserable wretches, and in the hot summer or the keen winter perished by thousands, victims of an extraordinary malevolence.

For ten years, since the rebellion ceased, the Southern States have been filled with tales of the cruel deeds of the same class of men who instigated the horrors of Andersonville and forced on the rebellion. Gladly would every humane mind believe that they were untrue, or even exaggerated, happy could we find some possibility of doubt. But there is none. Violence and intimidation, which have been for so many years the favorite weapons of the lawless classes at the South, have been enlisted on the side of the Democracy with startling effect. The process has been plain, the execution easy. At the close of the war a progressive party arose in nearly all the Southern States. It has been crushed out by the violent class who drove the South into rebellion and have always ruled by terror over their fellow-citizens. Their first step was to drive away Northern emigrants and Union men. Some were whipped, some disappeared, many fled, leaving their property behind them. They took off Union leaders by open assassination or secret assault. Over the colored voters they began to employ all the dreadful prerogatives of the period of slavery. The whip, the torture, the midnight raid, and murder had been familiar to this class of men from childhood, and they have exercised them to make voters for Mr. Tilden with all their ancient ardor. Their success has been remarkable. Alabama, a Republican State, is made to give a vast majority for its tormentors. Mississippi, of whose small population of 700,000 the larger part would be glad to join heartily with the party of progress, has been subdued into a quiet submission. In Louisiana the process was applied, but has been defeated. In South Carolina, the early centre of terrorism, the insurgents have met with a similar overthrow. They began with the massacre at Hamburg: it failed. They invented rifle clubs: they were unsuccessful. Violence, murder, intimidation, having been employed in vain, they next won the courts over to their side, and found even the courts inoperative. In South Carolina these monstrous men began the rebellion sixteen years ago, and in South Carolina they will vainly strive to begin another, under the eye of a powerful government able to punish and not afraid to strike.

These Southern outlaws have gathered to the support of Mr. Tilden, and the flames of a new rebellion are fanned by the Northern Democracy and the papal priests. But it is probable that the Southern leaders will find it not so easy to overawe the people of the North as their own. Nor are they sure even of their own. The frightful despotism they have succeeded in establishing at Vicksburg, and the wretched misgovernment of Georgia or Texas, have disgusted too many even of the Southern whites to allow this class of men much further license even at home. And while the majority of the Southern whites are still, perhaps, Democrats, it is not to be supposed that they share in the cruel designs or barbarous habits of their leaders. The large Republican minorities shown in most of the Southern States at the recent election indicate that even the most severe intimidation has failed to crush the spirit of Americans. Many a loyal heart at the South would rejoice to throw off the yoke of its merciless outlaws. The whole mercantile and industrial classes would welcome gladly their complete extirpation. The Protestants of the South are not prepared to give up the control of the country to the papal managers and mob of New York. If they knew the real condition of things here, and the utter dependence of Mr. Tilden and his followers upon the ultramontanes and the foreign Church, they would shrink with disgust from his support. The Southern people are, I believe, at heart Protestants in faith, American in principle. They need the forcible aid of the government to save them from these outlaws and give them prosperity and peace. But that any free election has been held at the South, or can be held under its existing conditions, it is impossible to believe. The vote for Mr. Tilden was the fruit of a general intimidation.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Cope has recently returned from an exploration of the country formed by the deposit of the body of fresh-water which once occupied the Upper Missouri region, especially near the mouth of the Judith River. This formation, named by Hayden the Fort Union, has been a subject of animated discussion between geologists, some believing it to be the lowest member of the tertiary series, while others—and Professor Cope among them—have regarded it as the upper stratum of the cretaceous. It marks the advent of the great system of interior lakes which successively covered such wide areas of North America, and in its fossil remains gives us a glimpse of the early land animals of the continent. Professor Cope found that while the passage from marine to fresh-water sediments is uninterrupted, there is a very important break in the succession of life. In the lower strata marine shells, fishes, and reptiles abound, while in the upper beds fresh-water shells and fishes and land and water reptiles of a totally different character furnished the fossil remains. The reptiles consist of crocodiles, turtles, Plesiosauri, and Dinosauri of peculiar character. The two orders last named did not continue beyond the cretaceous period in other parts of the world, hence Professor Cope considers that his belief in the cretaceous age of the Fort Union beds is confirmed. The Dinosaurians were the most numerous and the largest of the animals; eighteen species were obtained by the expedition, of which the greater part are new to science. Of these, ten were herbivorous in their diet, and eight carnivorous. Many of them were the largest of land animals, while others were of smaller proportions. The fishes consisted of *Ceratodus*, which is now living in Australia, the bony gar, and a species probably of ray.

Professor Cope recently read a paper before the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia defining the characters of a new division of mammalia, which he called the *Tæniodonta*. The animals which composed it are only known to have existed during the earlier eocene period in North America, and their fossil remains were discovered by the Wheeler survey in New Mexico in 1874. They were furnished with claws adapted for digging, and their teeth were in some respects like those of the gnawing animals (*Rodentia*), and in others like those of the sloths. The superior incisor teeth were wedge-shaped, having a band of enamel in front and one behind, but none on the sides, while the enamel of the molars was chiefly on the outer side. In one genus (*Calamodon*) the surface deficient in enamel was covered with a layer of cementum, resembling that investing the teeth of the sloths. Two genera are described by Professor Cope, *Calamodon* and *Ectoganus*; the species range from the size of a fox to that of a lion.

Our meteorologists will regret to learn of the death, on the 19th of October, at Vienna, of Dr. Carl Jelinek, director of the establishment for meteorological and terrestrial magnetism in that city. We shall give further particulars hereafter.

Much has been done by the Russian learned societies during the year, both in the way of planning and prosecution of geographical surveys in Asia. Mr. Severtsoff was to commence his travels in the Ferghana district and in the adjoining tracts during the autumn, and to be accompanied by Mr. Scharz, astronomer, Mr. Mushketoff, mining engineer, Mr. Smirnoff, botanist, and Mr. Skoortskoff, zoologist. The next summer he expects to explore the Altaï and the mountains south of Khokan, and to penetrate in the autumn into the Pamir, reaching the route of Mr. Forsyth's expedition.

The object of Mr. Potanin's expedition is the geographical, ethnographical, and economical exploration of Northwestern Mongolia, for which 9400 rubles were placed at his command. He was accompanied by Mr. Posdneeff, linguist, Mr. Raphailoff, topographer, and Mr. Kolomütseff, zoologist. Starting from the Zaisansky post on the Irtish, he will follow the steppe valley of the Black Irtish, and proceed to Urumga, Khobdo, and the Oobsa-nor. For winter-quarters he will then go south to the eastern parts of the Tian-Shan.

During the following summer, taking a northern course, the expedition proposes to reach the sources of the Yenisei and the Kossogol Lake, returning south again for the winter to the eastern foot of the Shang-ai-alin and to the expansion of the Onguün River. This expedition reached Omsk on the 27th of June, where he collected some interesting documents.

Mr. Poliakoff, who was engaged in the exploration of the Lower Obi, secured many interesting specimens. He expects to extend his travels to the mouth of the Obi, and to reach, if possible, the Tasofskin Gooba.

Mr. Chersky, of the Siberian branch, explored the lower parts of the Irkut River, where it enters the deep cañon below the Tunka settlement. Mr. Regel is making large collections of plants in the Kuldsha district, and Captain Larionoff is occupying himself in making collections of general natural history in the hilly tracts of the same region. Professor Wagner has completed his visit to the White Sea, remaining there for more than a month on the Solovetzkoï Island, his companions also obtaining large collections of the sea fauna.

The death of Dr. Thomas S. Wright, at the age of fifty-eight, is announced as having taken place at the end of October last, in the city of Edinburgh. Dr. Wright was a physician, but employed the leisure of a laborious life in prosecuting zoological and other investigations of much interest. As early as 1853 he devoted much attention to the British zoophytes, describing some new species in the annals of natural history, etc. He also busied himself in producing various kinds of physical apparatus, and invented some forms of telephones.

A new class of bismuth compounds, discovered by Carnot, furnishes a delicate method of detecting potassium. These compounds are double hyposulphites of bismuth with the alkalies, and, unlike other bismuth salts, are completely soluble in water. The reagent for potassium is prepared as follows: One part of bismuth subnitrate is dissolved in a few drops of hydrochloric acid, and added to a solution of two parts of sodium hyposulphite in a few cubic centimeters of water. To this mixture concentrated alcohol is added in large excess, and the reagent is ready for use. With a potash solution this reagent at once gives a yellow precipitate, easily recognizable, and the reaction is not interfered with by the presence of other bases. By this test potassium may be detected in mixtures containing soda, lithia, ammonia, lime, magnesia, alumina, or iron. With barium and strontium compounds a white precipitate is formed; but as these metals are easily removed from a solution, they need not interfere with the potassium reaction.

Doubts have been expressed very decidedly by Dr. Yentsch, and more recently by Professor Steenstrup and Dr. Frantzius, as to the conclusions of Professor Rütimeyer in regard to the so-called "Wetzikon-sticks" found in the lignite near Basle. They, with many other geologists, reject the view held by Professor Rütimeyer, that there was an interglacial period, and consequently regards the find in any event as of no more importance than any other quaternary one. In view of the suggestion of Professor Steenstrup, that the sticks may have simply been gnawed by beavers, he examined the originals very carefully, and although he was unable to ascribe the pointing to any other than human agency, he could not but concede the correctness of the opinion of Professor Steenstrup that they were not wrapped, but that the envelope was of natural origin, probably a species of bark-peat, especially as Professor Heer, of Zurich, mentions the existence of such a species of peat enveloping flattened stems in the same formation, which he suggests might have even been in a pulpy condition at one time. Further careful examination of the originals is proposed.

The death of Mr. William T. March, of Spanishtown, Jamaica, is announced as having taken place during the summer of 1876. This gentleman is well known to botanists and zoologists in the United States, from the many important contributions made by him to the National Museum at Washington, including a very complete set of the birds of Jamaica, among them one or two new species.

A committee consisting of Professor Huxley, of London, Dr. Torell, of Stockholm, Dr. E. H. Von Baumhauer, of Holland, and Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, of Boston, was appointed at the late meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to arrange for an international geological exhibition in Paris in 1878, to embrace such specimens, reports, plans, maps, etc., as may tend to clear up the many doubtful points in regard to the co-ordination of formations in different parts of the world. An international geological congress will be formed on the occasion in question, of which notice will be given hereafter. Their first circular has just been published by this committee, and suggests the following subjects as especially important: First, collections of crystalline rocks, both schist and massive or eruptive rocks, and including eozoon and allied formations. This should embrace articles of chemical interest, as samples of ores, specimens of rocks, etc., which should be of a size suitable for examination, and be accompanied by sections prepared for microscopic study. Second, collections illustrating the paleozoic age and more recent periods, and it is suggested that organic remains should merit particular attention. These collections to be explained as fully as possible by labels, engravings, maps, etc. Third, collections of geological maps, particularly such as illustrate the laws of mountain structure. Communications may be addressed to any of the gentlemen in question, those from the United States preferably to Dr. Hunt.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The fearful consequences resulting from the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre have aroused the whole community to a sense of the dangers which attend audiences in our public buildings, and in various places examinations are directed as to the security of such buildings. In New York city the Superintendent of Public Buildings has directed the inspection of the various theatres, and invited any suggestions deemed proper to be made to the proprietors. After this investigation is completed, the churches are to undergo a similar scrutiny. In Boston the city authorities have instructed a skilled engineer to visit every place of public amusement in the city, and to ascertain what are their modes of egress, and what their facilities for checking fire. The alarm has even extended to foreign countries. We hear by cable that in Glasgow committees of architects have been appointed to a similar work in that city. After all our buildings have been properly constructed and suitably equipped, who will invest the people with that presence of mind which will prevent a panic, which is more surely the cause of such loss of life?

All Centennial visitors will remember two large pictures in the English department, both by the artist Frith. "The Railway Station" is said to have taken ten years to put upon canvas, and a London publisher, who bought it, has already invested about a hundred thousand dollars in the publication of it. "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales" was the other. In the grouping of its figures, the exquisite finish of detail, it is not difficult to detect the touch of a master-hand; and ten or twenty years hence, when the glaring "newness" has worn away, it will doubtless take its place among the gems of art.

Large flocks of owls have been recently noticed flying southward by residents in the vicinity of Port Jervis, and many of them have been captured. These owls are nearly all white, and those of them that have been captured are fine specimens of the bird. One taxidermist in New York city had sixty brought to him to stuff. There are several theories given to explain the cause of the extraordinary flight, but the most plausible one is that the sudden ice flow of the north has caused the owls to leave their northern homes and seek warmer quarters.

In the production and manipulation of steel there has been much to baffle the judgment of the most practiced operators to understand, and the best makers have freely admitted that they can not guarantee to supply in continuity steel of uniform grain and texture. Mr. Chernoff, a Russian experimenter on steel, has recently published a pamphlet, which has been translated into English, and which contributes valuable information in regard to the laws that govern the crystallization of steel, and its consequent purity.

Robert Raikes, who started the first Sunday-schools in England about a century ago, is to have a national memorial dedicated to his memory in Gloucester Cathedral, Gloucester being the place in which he was born, lived, and worked.

The German Post-office has quite recently introduced an innovation in the telegraph service of that country, which is said to have proved a great convenience to the traveling public and to have worked well. Most railway trains have a post-office van attached to them, containing a letter-box. Passengers are allowed to post telegrams, with stamps affixed, in these boxes, and the message is put upon the wires at the next station touched at. There seems to be no reason why a similar provision could not be made for the convenience of travelers in this country.

A physician who has attended many cases of the peculiar fever resulting from visiting the Centennial states his opinion that the cause was not the bad sanitary condition of Philadelphia or of the Exhibition grounds, but the presence of *fomites* in certain articles on exhibition, which had been brought from some of the worst plague-spots of the earth—of Egypt, Africa, India, Asia, and South America. The doctor also expresses the fear that numerous types of fever hitherto unknown to us may follow as a result of the Centennial.

A case of considerable interest to travelers has just been decided by the United States District Court of Indiana. A man purchased a ticket over the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis Railroad. The only empty seat was one which was occupied by some baggage. He requested the conductor to have the baggage removed. His request being denied, he refused to give up his ticket unless provided with a seat, and was put off the train. He sued the company in the State Court, and was awarded $2000 damages. The Supreme Court set aside the verdict on a technical point, and the case being transferred to the United States Court, the decision of the State Court was ratified.

There have been over two thousand applications for space in the Permanent Exhibition Building in Philadelphia more than it can accommodate. The Turkish exhibitors intend to have a much finer display of goods than before.

A London letter says: "Perhaps the most curious thing is that the non-success of the British expedition to the pole, and the declaration made that to reach the pole is impossible, have created a desire to make another attempt. Indeed, the project of another expedition is now in contemplation, and it would not be surprising if one were to start next spring.

The art of chromo-lithography has seldom been put to prettier use than in the Christmas and New-Year's cards published by Prang & Co. The designs are graceful, varied, and attractive.

The British steamer *Bengal*, which recently arrived at this port, is the first ocean steamer that has passed through Hell Gate since the recent explosion of the reef at Hallett's Point, and is probably the largest ocean steam-ship that has ever passed through that passage; and she has thus successfully demonstrated the fact that in consequence of the operations of General Newton the Hell Gate passage is feasible for the very largest steamers.

The Japanese are making progress in journalism. During the year ending with the 30th of June last seventy-six fresh newspapers and magazines were started, forty-five of the whole number being established at Jeddo.

A pet flying-squirrel in Bridgeport, Connecticut, caught the diphtheria from some children who were sick with it. It crawled into the bed where the children lay, and afterward displayed every symptom of the disease. This is vouched for by a prominent physician.

An exchange gives some "Rooles for Playing onto a Organ," which have been adopted in many of our churches. It says: "When a him is give out to be sung, play over the whole toon before the singin', but be sure to play it so nobody can tell whether it's that toon or some other toon. It will amoose the people to gess." Another "roole," if strictly followed, will succeed in confusing every body, which is the prime object in congregational singing: "Play the interludes with the toon without letting them kno when the toon begins. This will teach them to mind their bizness."

It is stated that sixty thousand Philadelphia families will break up housekeeping on the 1st of January, and start around the country making Centennial calls.

Daniel Deronda, in four volumes, costs the British reader from eight to ten dollars. The American reader can buy it in two volumes for three dollars, or in paper covers for a dollar and a half. If it were an American work, with a copyright upon it, it would not be more than four dollars.

An exchange asks a very serious question: "What are we going to do for something to read in this country, anyhow? For three weary months we struggled along as well as we could on Centennial correspondence; then all the papers in America struck the country fairs, and gave us a thrilling account of the premium lists; then the delinquent tax lists came in, and absorbed public attention and all the agate type in the world; and then the election came on, and since then we have been reading election returns and trying to find out who has been elected President. What we want now is something new to write and read about."

A gentleman in Boston was going out in his carriage to make some calls, when he discovered that he had left his visiting-cards. He told his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantel-piece in the sitting-room and bring the cards he should see there. The servant found there a pack of playing-cards, and thought those were the ones. Off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards wherever "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to his footman with the question, "How many cards have you left?"

"Well," said the footman, "the ace of hearts is all that remains."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the master.

"I left the deuce in the last house but one," was the reply.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth." "Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that manner."

Curran was once asked by a judge on the bench, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

A gentleman was examining an umbrella and commenting upon its fine quality. "Yes," said a person present, "he fancies every thing he sees." "And," added a third party, "is inclined to seize every thing he fancies."

"Doctor, please cut along the seam," said an affectionate wife to a physician, who was cutting open her apoplectic husband's shirt.

Rather a heavy Dish—A pig of iron.

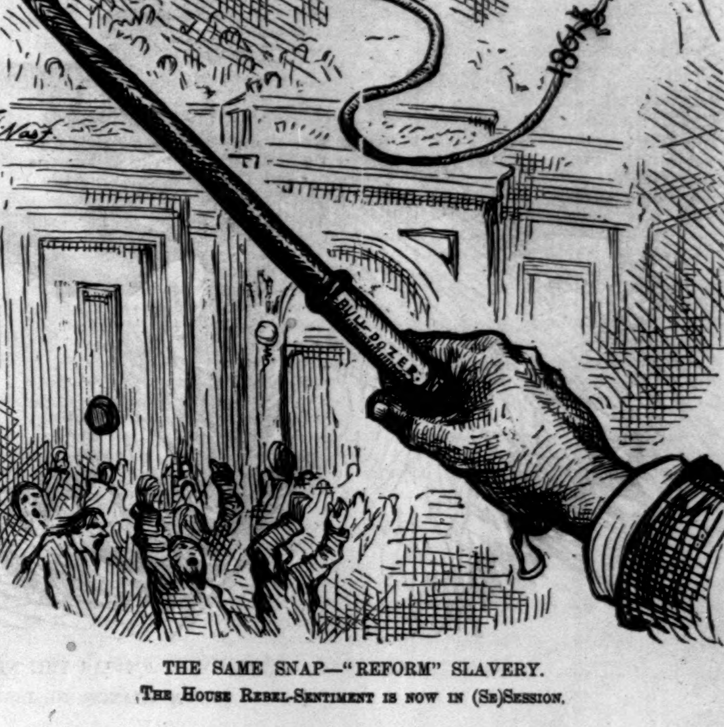
Hogg was a good writer; but he can't be considered a-side of Bacon.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, in the course of a class examination was asked by a professor, "Pray, Mr. E——, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," said Mr. E——.

Eighty-one dozen of eggs given to a minister in Illinois at a "donation visit" is called "lay activity."

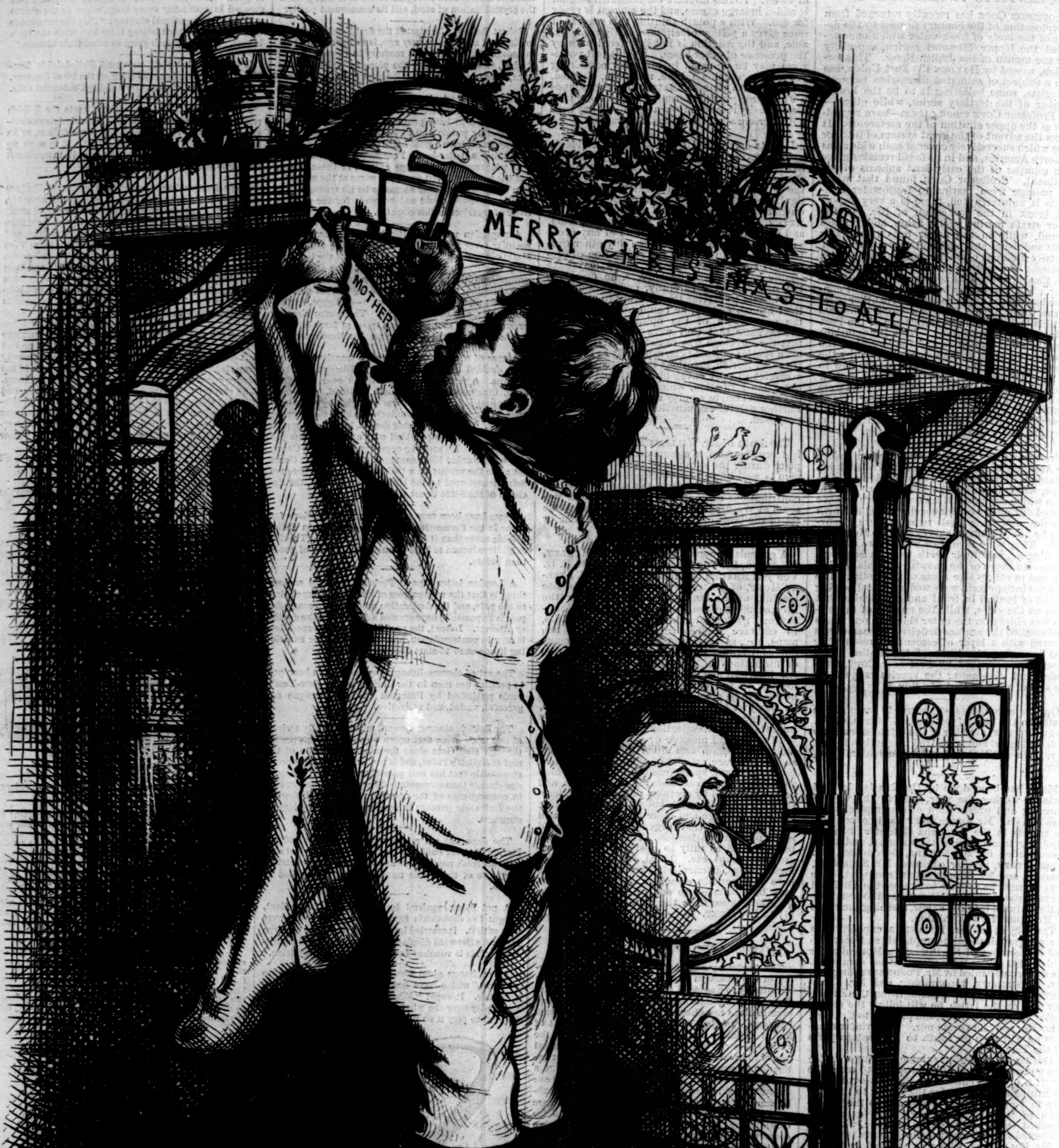
"Has that jury agreed?" asked the judge of a sheriff, whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Patrick; "they have agreed to send out for half a gallon."

Old and new Style.—What a poetical way the ancients had of putting things! We read in their pages that "Lycurgus, King of the Edones in Thrace, refused to worship Bacchus, in consequence of which the god visited him with madness." Now, in our day, the affair would read, "Lycurgus, King, etc., refused to drink any more whiskey, and, in consequence, had the delirium tremens."



THE SAME SNAP—"REFORM" SLAVERY.

The House Rebel-Sentiment is now in (Se)Session.


MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
MOTHER
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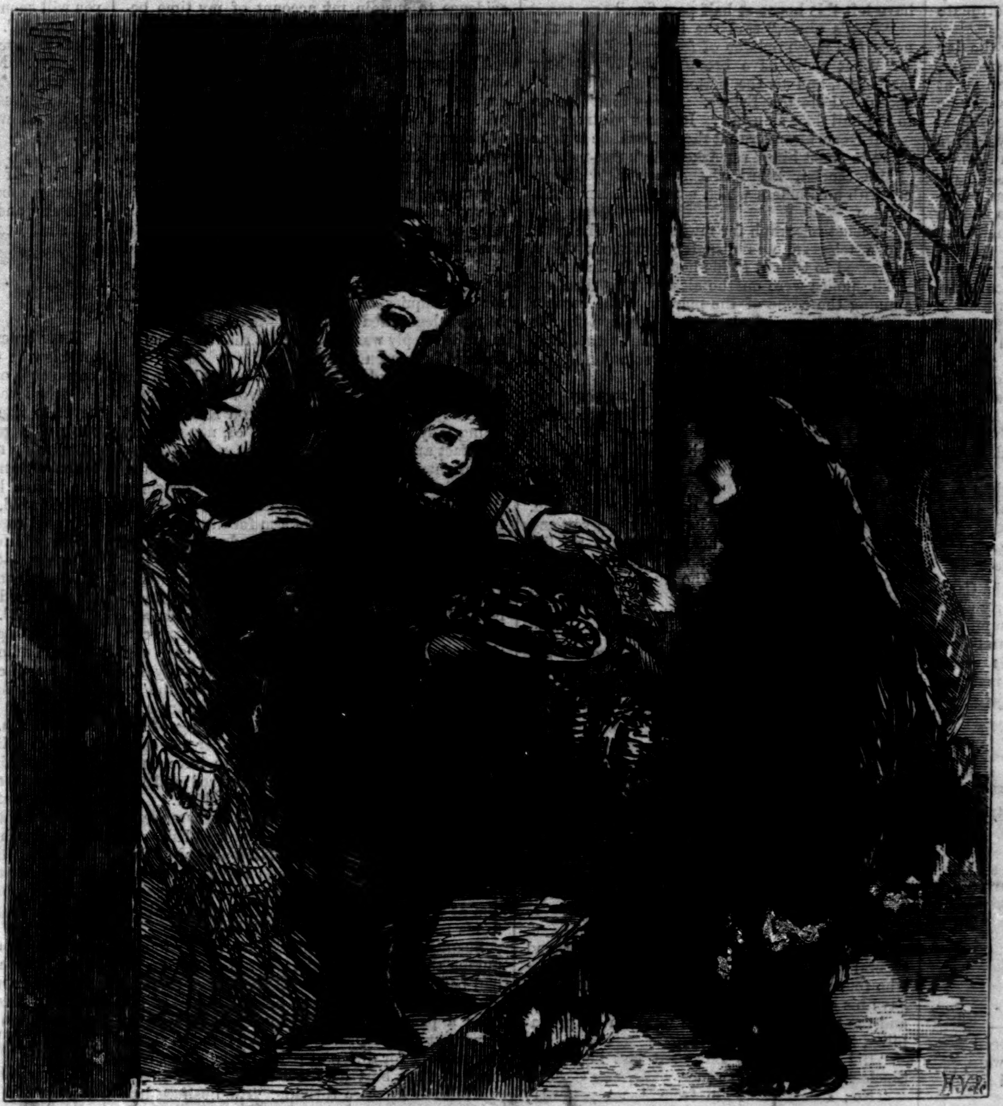
"'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."
A CHANCE TO TEST SANTA CLAUS'S GENEROSITY.

CHRISTMAS.

> "Christmas comes but once a year,
> But when it comes it brings good cheer."

THIS famous couplet has been sounded in the ears of so many of us since childhood with such convincing iteration, and its statements are so backed up by cheerful experiences, that it requires something of a strain upon the imagination to fancy Christmas without all the delightful accessories with which sentiment and worldly prosperity have combined to surround it. But some of the pictures in this number of the *Weekly* recall to the minds of those who are comfortably and happily situated how full of hardship, suffering, and dreariness the blessed Christmas season may be to some of our less fortunate fellow-creatures.

Upon the first page, amidst the darkness and gloom, shines out dimly the light from a light-house built upon some remote and dangerous point along our coast. Wind and rain and sleet do not pause for the sweet amenities of Christmas; the angelic song of "Peace, good-will to men," does not exert the smallest influence upon the storm. On the contrary, its energy and fury are devoted to the task of diminishing, if not utterly extinguishing, the light whose comparatively feeble rays may save some tempest-tossed vessel from shipwreck and ruin. As the snow falls against the pane, the action of the light half melts and detains it there, while the keen breath of the wind soon thickens it into ice, and flake after flake accumulates, until the dazzling white mass becomes a veil of darkness beyond which no ray can pierce. Unless this is removed there is little chance for the vessels which the light-house was designed to protect. It is necessary that the keeper should forsake the shelter afforded by the habitable portion of the tower and expose himself to the full fury of the gale while endeavoring to remove the sleet from the glass. How difficult and dangerous this operation may be depends, of course, upon the storm and the strength with which he is able to maintain his hold upon the slippery iron frame-work which affords him his only support. But it is a weird situation for Christmas, the merry night of glowing fires and flowing bowls, when light and warmth and the sweet security of houses barred and bolted against the intrusion of storm seem to set its fury at defiance.

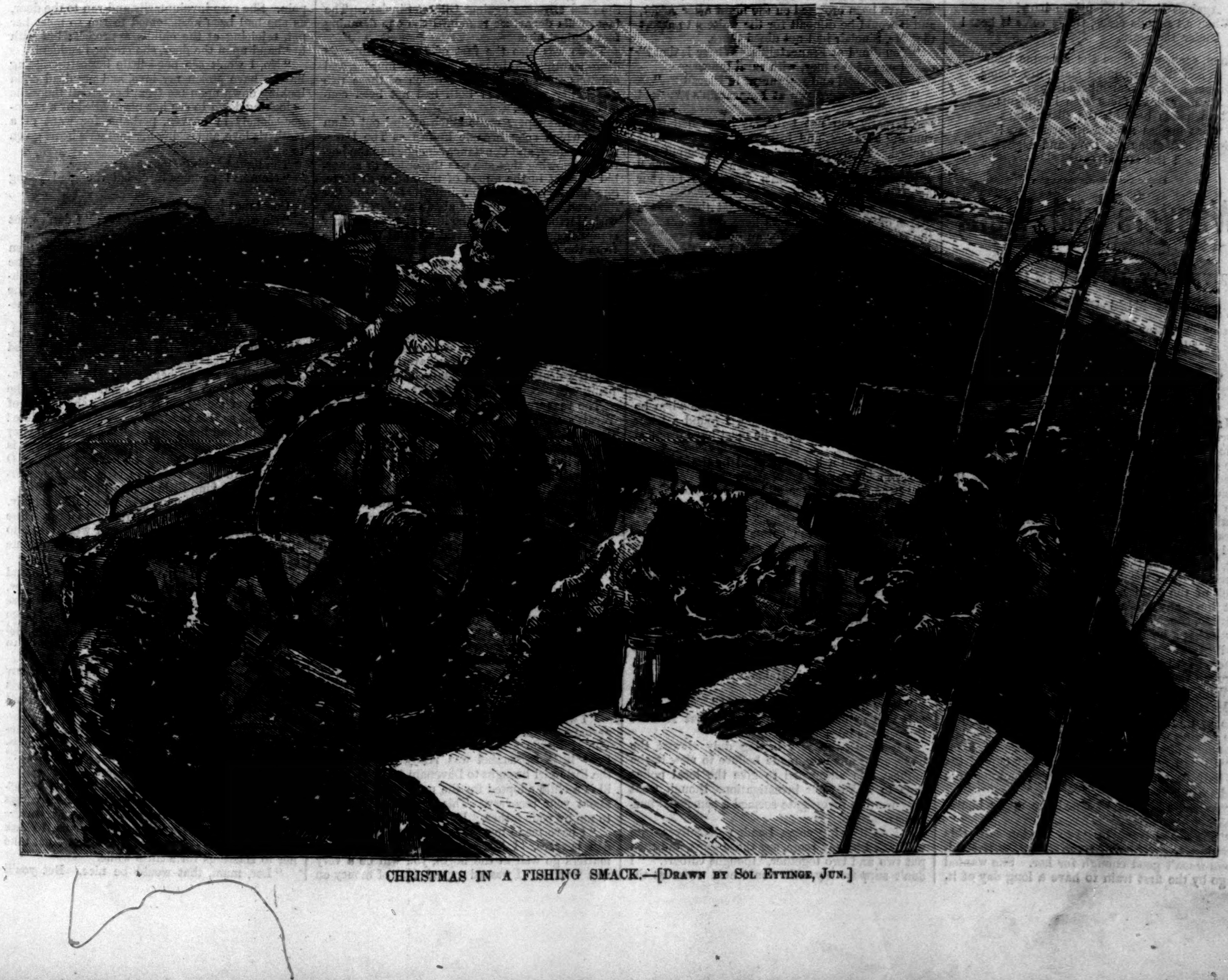


"CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL!"—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

MR. WALTER SATTERLEE's characteristic sketch on page 1052, representing a group of jolly little negro children gathered around a glowing Christmas fire in a poor and miserably furnished cabin, excites sympathy of another sort. We do not easily associate ideas of Christmas with the children of the tropics. An African Christmas, with the mercury at the top of the thermometer, seems as much out of place as the Fourth of July at the north pole. But these little Ethiopians seem to enjoy the merry season with as much zest as the fair-skinned children of the North, and as they cuddle in various comical attitudes about the glowing embers, their delight is as genuine and thorough as that of the children to whom fortune has given rich houses and costly presents. It is a fortunate thing for the world that happiness is not regulated in degree by outward circumstances. Old Father Christmas may distribute his gifts rather unequally among the rich and the poor, but he is very rarely so unfeeling as to withhold them altogether.

On page 1056 we have another one of the "old, old stories." May they never grow fewer! Those greedy, yawning, insatiable stockings! Not content with being filled to repletion by plump little legs all the daylight hours all the year round, on Christmas-eve they hold up their greedy mouths to be filled with articles awkward, unsuitable, and generally ill adapted to the use and dimensions of any well-regulated stocking. And yet let it be hoped that they will never reform. So long as the eager little childish heart can believe in the sooty old saint, who scorns to deposit his treasures in any less awkward receptacle than a stocking, let the delusion endure. Too soon, alas! Christmas becomes to us older ones a time when the unsatisfactory labors of a year must be brought to a close, when the biting winds of winter steal away our strength, and poverty, gaunt and hollow-eyed, goes wailing through our streets.

The picture on this page, "Christmas After All," tells a cheering story of how much is done during the Christmas tide for the poor. They, at least, have reason to bless the sacred festival. In all ages and all countries during this season charity pours from the coffers



CHRISTMAS IN A FISHING SMACK.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

of the rich, and lightens and brightens the heavy hearts and cheerless homes of the unfortunate and sorrowful.

Our last Christmas picture shows how the day is sometimes spent at sea. In a great steamer, when the weather is calm and people can sit at the tables without discomfort, Christmas may be kept in a very cheery fashion; but we should not like to change places with the hardy fellows in the little fishing smack, even though it rides triumphantly over the tossing waves. We decidedly prefer to take our roast turkey and plum-pudding where the table is subject to no sudden idiosyncrasies of motion, and the floor maintains a calm and dignified equilibrium.

The celebration of Christmas is no longer marked by the boisterous jollity and exuberance of animal spirits which distinguished its observance in old England down to a hundred years ago, but it is still the great holiday of the year, and the one in which all classes, rich and poor, most generally participate. It is especially the time for active deeds of kindness and benevolence, when charity is most needed and most abundant. In olden times it was also customary to extend the charities of Christmas and the New-Year to the lower animals. Burns refers to this practice in "The Auld Farmer's Address to his Mare," when presenting her on New-Year's morning with an extra feed of corn:

"A guid New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie!"

We have read of an old gentleman in the Carse of Falkirk, in Scotland, who used regularly every Christmas morning to carry a special supply of fodder to each animal in his stable and cow-house. He was wont to say that this was a morning, of all others in the year, when man and beast ought alike to have occasion to rejoice.

UNDER THE STARS.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

O youth, rose-crowned, yet full of strife,
Craving uncomprehended joys,
Hearing the desperate fight of life
But as a far-off pleasant noise—
Come, ere on thy bold way thou start,
While not a cloud thy future mars,
And still that wildly beating heart
Under the stars.

A stormy prime, so beautiful
With fierce delight, ecstatic pain,
Spending and being spent; no lull,
No rest, no want of loss or gain—
Ere with tired feet thou come to tread
The blood-stained field of ended wars,
Pause: bow the glories of thy head
Under the stars.

A heavy time of brows discrowned,
Of hanging hands and feeble knees,
With piteous pale ghosts haunted round,
And longings for impossible ease—
Ah, beat no more like wounded bird
Against Fate's iron prison bars!
When all sounds cease, God's voice is heard
Under the stars.

Soon, soon, will come the supreme hour
When like a painted show life seems,
Or perfume of remembered flower,
Or dear dead faces seen in dreams.
Clasp hands beneath the silent night
That hushes all these mortal jars!
God, Thou alone art Love and Light—
Beyond the stars.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "A Strange World," "Dead Men's Shoes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CROWNER'S QUEST.

It was between six and seven o'clock in the morning when one of the gardeners at Davenant, going with a barrowful of bedding-out plants to the old Dutch garden, found James Wyatt lying dead at the bottom of the iron staircase. He rushed into the house for aid, and brought out the newly risen men-servants, who had not yet fortified exhausted nature with an Elizabethan breakfast of beef and beer. All was hubbub and confusion; one messenger ran for the doctor, another for the police. The dead man was carried into a great disused brew-house at the back of the stables, as a place where he would not hurt any one's feelings, as the butler remarked, considerately.

"What a horful thing!" said one house-maid, and "Who could have done it?" ejaculated another, as the news of the catastrophe spread through the house.

Who was to tell Mrs. Sinclair?

Martha Briggs took that office upon herself. She had just filled Miss Christabel's bath, but the darling was not awake yet, and Mrs. Sinclair was most likely still asleep.

"I'll tell her when I take her her cup of tea at half past seven," said Martha, looking pale and scared.

"Where's Melanie?" asked the upper house-maid.

"She asked leave to go to London early this morning, to get herself some things, as if Maidstone wasn't good enough for her. She wanted to go by the first train to have a long day of it, she said. The first train goes at six. She must have left this house at half past five."

"That's queer," said the house-maid; "but I never had much opinion of foreigners."

"What could have brought Mr. Wyatt here last night, and to the bottom of those steps?" speculated Martha Briggs. "Why didn't he go to the hall door as usual? It seems so strange!"

"It seems stranger that there should be any one there to shoot him," remarked the house-maid.

Mrs. Sinclair heard of the morning's discovery with a calmness which astonished her handmaiden.

"I must telegraph for my husband," she said; and a telegram was dispatched without delay, addressed to Gilbert at his hotel in St. James's.

The police were on the alert by this time, examining the scene of the murder. The coroner appointed three o'clock in the afternoon for his inquiry, which was to be held in the hall at Davenant. This would give time for summoning the jury.

Constance was sitting at breakfast, very pale but quite self-possessed, when Gilbert Sinclair walked in from the lawn.

"Gilbert," she cried, "what folly! I thought you were miles away—across the Channel by this time."

"No, Constance, I am not such a poltroon. We have not been a very happy couple, you and I, and God knows I am heartily tired of my life in this country, but I am not base enough to leave you in the lurch. Who can tell what scandal might arise against you? No, my dear, I shall stop, even if the end shall be a rope."

"Gilbert, for mercy's sake! Oh, Gilbert!" she cried, wringing her hands, "how could you do this dreadful thing?"

"How could I? I thought I was doing my duty as a man. I was told that a man was to be here—your secret visitor. The man was here at the very hour I had been told to expect him. I saw him entering your room by stealth. What could I think but the worst? And thinking as I did, I had a right to kill him."

"No, Gilbert, no. God has given no man the right to shed his brother's blood."

"Except Jack Ketch, I suppose. God has given men the instinct of honor, and honor teaches every honest man to kill the seducer of his wife or daughter."

* * * * * *

The inquest was held at three. Gilbert and several of his household, notably the gardener who found the body, were examined. Dr. Webb gave his evidence as to the nature of the wound, and the hour at which death must, in all probability, have occurred.

"Did you sleep at Davenant last night, Mr. Sinclair?" asked the coroner.

"No; I only came up from Ascot yesterday evening, and spent the night in London."

"Where?"

"At Hildred's Hotel, Jermyn Street."

"Did you dine at the hotel?"

"No; I dined at Francatelli's."

This was a venture. Francatelli's would doubtless have been crowded on the night after Ascot, and it would be difficult for the waiters to assert that Mr. Sinclair had not dined there.

"You dined at Francatelli's. Where is that?" asked one of the jury, with rural innocence.

"It is a hotel and restaurant in Piccadilly."

"How long were you at Francatelli's?" asked the coroner.

"I really can not tell. My horse had been running at Ascot, and losing. I was somewhat excited. I may have gone into Francatelli's at eight, and gone out again between nine and ten."

"And from Francatelli's you went to your hotel?"

"No," said Gilbert, feeling that there was a hiatus of a couple of hours here. "I went into the Haymarket Theatre for an hour or two."

"If this fellow asks me what I saw there, I'm done for," he thought; but happily the coroner was not so much on the alert as to put that question.

"Have you any idea what brought the deceased to your house last night, when you were known to be absent?"

"I have a very clear idea."

"Be kind enough to tell us all you can."

"Coming from the station this morning by a foot-path through the park, the way by which the deceased always came to my house when he did not drive from the station, I found a letter which it seems to me that he must have dropped there last night."

"You found a letter dropped by the deceased in Davenant Park?"

"I found this letter addressed to Mr. Wyatt, which I conclude must have been dropped by him last night."

Gilbert handed the coroner Melanie's letter, which had now assumed a crumpled and dilapidated appearance, as of a letter that had lain all night in the dew and dirt of the foot-path under the trees.

The coroner puzzled through the letter, reading it aloud, with various mistakes and pullings up and tryings back, the jury listening open-mouthed.

"This clearly indicates that Mr. Wyatt came here by appointment," remarked the coroner, sagely. "Who is this Melanie Duport?"

"My wife's maid."

"Why has she not been called?"

It was explained to the coroner that Melanie Duport was missing.

After this, the jury having duly viewed the body, or, at any rate, made believe to view it, the inquest was adjourned to give the local police time to make their investigations, though what they were to investigate seemed a somewhat puzzling question.

"They'll bring some London detectives, who will look into my room, see those guns, and then put two and two together," thought Gilbert. "I don't suppose my *alibi* would hold water at the assizes. A jury would want some independent evidence to sustain my account of my time between seven o'clock and midnight yesterday."

* * * * * *

The inquest was adjourned from Friday, the day after the murder, until the following Monday. When that day came Gilbert Sinclair was missing. London detectives had come to the aid of the local constabulary, but too late to keep an eye upon the movements of Mr. Sinclair. That gentleman contrived to leave Liverpool on Saturday morning, in a steamer bound for Rio. His disappearance gave a new aspect to the case, and aroused suspicions of his guilt. His household knew nothing of his whereabouts. He had told Mrs. Sinclair and his body-servant that he was going to Newmarket, and would be back in time for the inquiry on Monday; but on an inquiry being telegraphed to his Newmarket establishment, the reply was to the effect that Mr. Sinclair had not been seen there.

The police had occupied the interval between Friday and Monday in the endeavor to find Mademoiselle Duport, but up to noon on Monday that young lady had not been heard of, nor did any new fact arise at the inquest.

Enlightened by Gilbert Sinclair's disappearance, the police took a bolder flight. They discovered that the oriel-window in Mr. Sinclair's study afforded an excellent point of aim for the iron staircase at the foot of which the murdered man had been found. They also opined that the handsome collection of guns in that apartment suggested a ready way of accounting for the mode and manner of the act. Subsequent investigation showed that the deer-stalker's rifle in that collection carried a bullet exactly corresponding in size and shape to the bullet extracted from James Wyatt's death-wound. Professional acumen led the investigators further to perceive that Mr. Sinclair's own account of his time on the evening of the murder was not supported by any other evidence, and that it was possible for him to have come back to Davenant, and to have entered and left his house unseen by any of the household.

These suspicions were in some measure confirmed by the statement of the waiter at Hildred's Hotel, who described Mr. Sinclair's arrival at that house close upon midnight, and a certain strangeness in his look and manner which had struck him at the time, and which he had spoken about to his fellow-servants afterward.

Suspicion thus aroused, the next step was to pursue the suspected man; but Gilbert Sinclair had been lucky enough to get away from England without leaving any trail behind him. It had been a particularly busy time on the Liverpool quay that June morning—half a dozen big steamers starting for different parts of the globe, commerce at her best on the Mersey, and the trade with South America thriving. The business-like-looking man, with a single portmanteau, had taken his berth and slipped on board the *Chimborazo* without attracting special notice from any one; and for once in a way Scotland Yard was at fault.

The coroner's inquest dragged its slow length along. No new evidence was elicited to make the case stronger against Gilbert Sinclair. The fact of his departure remained the one damning fact against him.

There was also the fact of Melanie Duport's disappearance on the morning of the murder, and opinions were divided as to which of these two was guilty, or whether both had not been concerned in the act.

The newspapers made much capital out of an event which soon became known as The Davenant Mystery, and Constance Sinclair had the horror of knowing that she was the object of a morbid interest in the minds of the nation at large. She left Davenant almost immediately after her husband, and took up her abode at Marchbrook, with Martha Briggs and the little girl for her only companions, until the arrival of Lord Clanyarde from the Continent.

The inquiry before the coroner ended at last in an open verdict. The deceased had been shot by some person or persons unknown.

Davenant was formally taken possession of upon Midsummer-day, not by Sir Cyprian Davenant, but by his lawyer, who installed some of the old family servants as care-takers. Sir Cyprian had left England, a few days before James Wyatt's death, on his long-talked-of African expedition.

The year wore round, and the horror of James Wyatt's unexplained death faded out of the national mind, as all such horrors do fade when the newspapers leave off writing about them. Constance lived her quiet life at Marchbrook as she had lived at Davenant, happy with her child, yet mindful, with a shuddering pity, of that friendless wanderer doomed to bear the brand of Cain. Christmas came and passed, and for nearly a year she had remained in ignorance of her husband's fate. Then came a letter, in a strange hand, but signed by Gilbert Sinclair:

"Dear Constance,—I am down with a malignant fever common to this part of the world, and generally fatal. Before I die I should like to ask you to forgive me for all the pain my jealousy gave you in days gone by, and to tell you that I now believe that jealousy to have been causeless. It was what the thieves call a 'put-up' business, and Wyatt was the Iago. He set a trap for me, and got snared himself in the end.

"I want to tell you something else, which may perhaps distress you, but that is no fault of mine. The child you are so fond of is not your own. Poor little Christabel was really drowned, and the little girl brought to Davenant while you were ill is a child adopted for the purpose of bringing about your recovery. This plan was suggested to me by your father. He knows all about it.

"I have made my will, and sent it to my London lawyers. I leave you every thing. So, if matters go well in the north, you will be a very rich woman. I wasted a good deal of money on the Newmarket stable; but, with your quiet life, you will soon recover lost ground. Of course you will marry C. D. Well, I can't help that. I ought never to have thrust myself between you and your first love. Nothing but misery has come of our marriage.

"God bless you, and give you a happier life than you would ever have spent with me.

"Your dying husband,
"Gilbert Sinclair.

"P.S.—If I go, the man who writes this, Thomas Grace, tobacco grower, will send you certificate of death, and all necessary evidence. If I live, you shall hear from me again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CRUEL KINDNESS.

That letter from her dying husband was a bitter blow to Constance Sinclair. There was the keen sense of loss, the knowledge that her lovely child had verily sunk beneath the German river never to rise again, save as a spirit amidst the choir of angels. There was the deep humiliation of knowing that she had been duped. They had taken advantage of her affliction and consoled her with a lie. She had been fooled, deceived, and deluded, as a child is deluded, for her good. Her soul rose up against this mocking of consolation in bitterest anger. Her very thanksgivings to Heaven—those outpourings of a mother's grateful heart overflowing with its wealth of joy—had been offered up in vain. She had no reason to be thankful. Heaven and earth had conspired in ill-treating her. God had taken away her reason, and man had imposed upon her folly. Whom upon earth could she ever trust again, when even her father had so deceived her?

With her husband's letter came the certificate of his death. The same post brought her a letter from Gilbert's lawyers to inform her of their receipt of his will, executed on his death-bed.

She was sorry for the wasted life, the lonely death in a strange land; and Gilbert Sinclair was mourned with more honest tears than are always shed for a husband's loss, even when the journey of wedded life has begun in the rosy light of a romantic love.

After those tears given to the untimely dead, her thoughts were full of anger. She could not forgive the deception that had been practiced, even though it had been done to save her life.

"Better a thousand times to have died in that dim dream than to awake to such a disappointment as this," she said.

And then she thought of the river in the fair German valley, and that agonizing day which she had learned to look back upon as no more than a painful and prolonged dream. She knew now that it had been no dream, but a hideous reality.

While she sat with Gilbert's letter open before her, abandoned to a tearless despair, the little one's voice sounded in the corridor, and she heard the light swift footsteps which always made her heart thrill. To-day it struck her with an actual pain. She rose involuntarily and ran to the door, as she had been accustomed to run to meet her pet, rejoicing at the child's approach; but with her hand upon the door, she stopped suddenly.

"No, I won't see her—little impostor—living lie—to have stolen my love, and my dead child looking down upon me from heaven all the while—looking down to see her place filled by a stranger—lonely in heaven, perhaps, for want of a mother's love, and seeing her mother's heart given to another."

The light-tripping steps came nearer.

"Mamma! mamma!" called the glad young voice.

Constance locked the door.

"Go away," she cried, hoarsely; "I don't want you."

There was a pause—complete silence—and then a burst of sobbing. The strangeness of that tone had chilled the child's heart. Lips that had hitherto only breathed love, to-day spoke with the accents of hate. Instinct told the child the greatness of the change.

The little feet retreated slowly down the corridor—not so light of step this time—the sobs died away in the distance.

"I will never see her face again," cried Constance. "Some wretched child—perhaps the offspring of sin—base at heart as she is fair of face—and so like my lost one—so like—so like! No, I will send her away—settle a sum of money—provide handsomely for her—poor child, it is not her crime—but never see her again. Yet, O God! I love her. And she is crying now, perhaps. The loving little heart will break."

She had been pacing the room distractedly. This last thought was too much to bear. She ran to the door, unlocked it, and went out into the corridor, calling, "Belle, darling Belle, come back. I am waiting for you yet."

She went to the little one's nursery, and found her lying with her face buried in the sofa-pillow, sobbing piteously. To-day's harsh tones were her first experience of unkindness. Constance threw herself on the sofa, and caught the child in her arms, drew the little trembling form to her breast, and kissed and cried over it.

"My pet, I love you. I shall love you to my dying day," she cried, passionately. "Hearts can not be played with like this. Love can not be given and taken away."

The child hugged her, and was comforted, understanding the love, if not the words that told it.

"Belle hasn't been naughty, has she, mamma?" she asked, with innocent wonder.

"No, pet, but mamma has been very unhappy. Mamma has had a sad letter. Oh, here comes Martha," as that devoted nurse entered from the night nursery. "Do you know, Martha, I think Christabel wants change of air. You must take her to Hastings for a little while."

"Lor, mum, that would be nice. But you'll come too, of course. You wouldn't like to be parted from her."

"I don't know that I could come, quite at first. I might come afterward, perhaps. I have some very sad business to attend to."

Constance told Martha of Mr. Sinclair's death, but not a word of that imposture which had just been revealed to her. Martha had been as completely deceived as she had, no doubt, Constance argued, for she knew it was not in the girl's honest nature to assist in a deception. The likeness of the lost child had deluded them both.

"I suppose all children of the same age and complexion are alike," thought Constance; "and yet I fancied my baby was different from all other children."

She wished to send the child away, in order, if it were possible, to cure herself of the habit of loving a child that had no claim on her—to love whom was a kind of treason against the beloved dead.

The preparations for the journey were hurried over; Martha was delighted to pack and be off. The child was pleased to go, but cried at parting from "mamma." At two o'clock in the afternoon the carriage drove Martha and her charge to the station, with the steady old Marchbrook butler for their escort. He was to take lodgings for them, and make all things easy for them, and see them comfortably settled before he came back to Marchbrook.

Constance breathed more freely when the child was out of the house, and there was no chance of hearing that light footstep, that clear, sweet, childish voice. Yet how dreary the big old house seemed in its solitude, how gloomy the rooms, without that fluttering, changeful soul and all the busy life she made around her—the family of dolls—the menagerie of woolly animals, all afflicted with the same unnatural squeak, an internal noise never heard to issue from any animal that ever lived in the realm of zoology.

"It would have broken my heart to keep her near me," thought Constance, "and I feel as if it must break my heart to lose her."

By way of solace, or to sustain her in the indignant pride which revolted against this spurious child, she tried to think of Christabel in heaven. But her thoughts wandered back to the living child, and she found herself wondering whether Martha and her charge were at the end of their journey, and longing for the telegram that was to announce their safe arrival.

"What folly!" she thought, angrily. "A stranger's child—a creature that is no more to me than any of the children at the infant school, and yet I can not tear her from my heart."

She sent for Dr. Webb. He was in the plot, doubtless. It was at his advice, perhaps, that this heartless deception had been practiced upon her. If it were so, she felt that she must hate him all her life.

The little village surgeon came briskly enough, expecting to find a mild case of measles, or some other infantile ailment, in the Marchbrook nursery. What was his astonishment when he found Constance pacing the long dreary drawing-room, pale, with two burning spots on her cheeks, eyes bright with fever.

"My dear Mrs. Sinclair, what is the matter?"

"Every thing," cried Constance. "My poor husband is dead, and on his death-bed wrote me a letter telling me the cruel truth. Your wicked plot has been discovered. Yes, wicked; for all lies are wicked. You can not do evil that good may come of it. You saved my life, perhaps, but what a life! To find that I have lavished my love upon an impostor; that when I thanked God on my knees for His bounteous mercies, I had received no gracious gift. He had shown no pity for my sorrows; but you—you and my father had played at Providence, and had pretended to perform a miracle for my sake. It was a cruel, infamous deception."

"It was designed to save your life, and, what is even more precious than life, your reason," replied Dr. Webb, wounded by the harshness of this attack. "But whatever blame may attach to the stratagem, you may spare me your censure. I had nothing to do with it. The German physician, whom your father brought here, was the adviser from whom the suggestion came. He and your father carried it out between them. I had nothing to do but look on, and watch the effect of the shock upon you. *That* was most happy."

"The German doctor," said Constance, wonderingly. "Yes, I remember him faintly, as if it were a dream—that winter night. He made me sing, did he not? His voice had a mesmerical effect upon me. I obeyed him involuntarily. His presence seemed to give me comfort, stranger though he was. It was very curious. And then he bent over me and whispered hope, and from that instant I felt happier. And it was all a mockery after all; it was a trick. Tell me who and what that child is, Dr. Webb."

"I know nothing of her origin. Lord Clanyarde brought her to Davenant. That is all I can tell you."

"Fool! fool! fool!" cried Constance, with passionate self-reproach, "to take an impostor to my heart so blindly, to ask no questions, to believe without proof or witness that Heaven had performed a miracle for my happiness. What right had I to suppose that Providence would care so much for me?"

"You have great cause to be thankful for the restoration of life and reason, Mrs. Sinclair," said the doctor, reproachfully.

"Not if life is barren and hopeless; not if reason tells me that I am childless."

"You have learned to love this strange child. Can not you take consolation from that affection?"

"No; I loved her because I believed she was my own. It would be treason against my dead child to love this impostor."

"And you will turn her out of doors, I suppose, and send her to the work-house?"

"I am not so heartless as that. Her future shall be provided for, but I shall never see her again. I have sent her to Hastings with her nurse, who adores her."

"That's fortunate, since she is to be deprived of every body else's affection."

There was a spice of acidity in the doctor's tone. He had attended the child in various small illnesses, had met her almost daily riding her tiny Shetland pony in the lanes, and entertained a warm regard for the pretty little winning creature, who used to purse up her lips into a rose-bud for him to kiss, and had evidently not the least idea that he was old and ugly.

"Since you can tell me nothing, I shall send for my father," said Constance; "he must know to whom the child belongs."

"I should imagine so," replied the doctor, glad to feel himself absolved of all blame.

It was a painful position, certainly, he thought. He had anticipated this difficulty from the beginning of things. He was very glad to take his leave of his patient, after hazarding a platitude or two by way of consolation.

Lord Clanyarde was in Paris enjoying the gayeties of the cheerful season before Lent, and making himself extremely comfortable in his bachelor room at the Hôtel Bristol. He had married all his daughters advantageously, and buried his wife, and felt that his mission had been accomplished, and that he was free to make his pathway to the grave as pleasant as he could. From January to March he found his aged steps traveled easiest over the asphalt of Paris, and as poor Constance was happy with her adopted child, he felt no scruples against leaving her to enjoy life in her own way.

Mrs. Sinclair's telegram informing him of her husband's death, and entreating him to go to Marchbrook, disturbed the placidity of his temper.

"Poor Sinclair!" he muttered, with more fretfulness than regret. "Pity he couldn't have died at a more convenient time. I hate crossing the Channel in an equinoctial gale. And what good can I do at Marchbrook? However, I suppose I must go. Women are so helpless. She never cared much for him, poor child, and there's Davenant still unmarried and devoted to her. An excellent match, too, since he came into old Gryffin's money. Providence orders all things for the best. I hope I shall have a fine night for crossing."

He was with Constance early on the following day, having lost no time in obeying her summons, but he was unprepared for the accusation she brought against him.

"Upon my life, Constance, I was only a passive instrument in the whole affair, just like little Webb. It was put to me that this thing must be done to save your life, and I consented."

"You let a stranger take my destiny into his hands?" cried Constance, indignantly.

"He was not a stranger. He loved you dearly—was as anxious for your welfare as even I, your father."

"The German physician, the white-haired old man who told me to hope? Why, he had never seen me before in his life."

"The man who told you to hope, who persuaded me to agree to the introduction of a spurious child, was no German doctor. He was neither old nor white-haired, and he had loved you devotedly for years. He heard you were dying of a broken heart, and came to you in disguise in order to see if love could devise some means of saving you. The German doctor was Cyprian Davenant."

This was another blow for Constance. The man whom she had believed in as the soul of honor was the originator of the scheme she had denounced as wicked and cruel, and yet she could find no words of blame for him. She remembered the gentle voice which had penetrated her ear and mind through the thick mists of madness, remembered the tones that had touched her with a wondering sense of something familiar and dear. He had come to her in her apathy and despair, and from the moment of his coming her life had brightened and grown happy. It was but a delusive happiness, a false peace; and now she must go back to the old agony of desolation and incurable regret.

"You can at least tell me who and what that child is, papa," she said, after a long pause.

"Indeed, my love, I know nothing, except that Davenant told me she belonged to decently born people, and would never be claimed by any one. And the poor little thing looked so thoroughly clean and respectable—of course at that age one can hardly tell—the features are so undeveloped—the nose more like a morsel of putty than any thing human—but I really did think that the child had a thorough-bred look; and I am sure when I saw her last Christmas she looked as complete a lady as ever came out of our Marchbrook nursery."

"She is a lovely child," said Constance, "and I have loved her passionately."

"Then, my dearest girl, why not go on loving her?" pleaded Lord Clanyarde. "Call her your adopted child, if you like, and keep her about you as your pet and companion till you are married again, and have children of your own. You can then relegate her to her natural position, and by-and-by get her respectably married, or portion her off in some way."

"No," said Constance, resolutely, "I will never see her again."

And all the while she was longing to take the afternoon train to Hastings, and rejoin her darling.

After this there was no more for Constance Sinclair to do but to submit to fate, and consider herself once more a childless mother. Sir Cyprian was away, no one knew where, and even had he been in England Constance felt that there would be little use in knowing more than she knew already. The knowledge of the strange child's parentage could be but of the smallest importance to her, since she meant to banish the little one from her heart and home.

Lord Clanyarde and the lawyers did all that was necessary to secure Mrs. Sinclair's position as inheritor of her husband's estates. The Newmarket stables and stud were sold, and realized a considerable sum, as the training stable was supposed to be the most perfect establishment of its kind—built on hygienic principles, with all modern improvements—and was warmly competed for by numerous foolish young noblemen and gentlemen who were just setting out on that broad road along which Gilbert Sinclair had traveled at so swift a rate. Things in the north had been gradually improving—the men were growing wiser, and arbitration between master and men was taking the place of trade-union tyranny.

Constance Sinclair found herself in a fair way to become a very rich woman, caring about as much for the money her husband had left her as for the withered leaves that fell from the Marchbrook elms in the dull, hopeless autumn days. What was the use of wealth to a childless widow, who could have been content to live in a lodging of three rooms, with one faithful servant?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Sunday, 31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

JANUARY, 1877.

Monday, 1.—Circumcision.
Saturday, 6.—Epiphany.
Sunday, 7.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 14.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 21.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Thursday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 28.—Septuagesima Sunday.

THE text of the recent speech of Prince NAPOLEON in the French Assembly shows that it was extremely radical, and that it produced a great sensation. The motion debated was also radical, for it demanded the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship. The prince's theme was the "aggressiveness of the clerical party," and he handled it in the most fearless fashion. In reviewing the recent history of France, he said: "In 1828 the Jesuits were repelled. Where and what are they now? They are all over France, and are all-powerful; they brave the civil law, and say, 'We have our own religious laws; the rest are nothing to us." He concentrated his meaning finally in a single apothegm: "When you sow Jesuitism, you reap revolt."

The effect produced by this savage assault upon the clericals and the Bonapartists in the Assembly was almost indescribable. For a time the members were in a tumult of confusion. Although the motion for the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship was lost, by a vote of 443 to 62, yet the Assembly obviously sympathized with the radical party. The unfortunate order of the Minister of the Interior, M. MARCÈRE, forbidding the usual military escort at the funerals of the members of the Legion of Honor, excepting in the case of soldiers dying in actual service, precipitated the crisis. For some time this escort had been refused to deceased members of the Legion who were buried without religious ceremonies. These examples of the influence of the clerical party over the government have very properly aroused the indignation of the liberals, and they have overthrown the ministry. The cabinet just formed leaves out MM. DUFAURE and MARCÈRE, whose subservience to the Church aroused the storm of passion which has been so fatal both to them and their colleagues.

The friends of the Rev. LLEWELLYN D. BEVAN, who comes from London to one of our principal city churches, parted with him at a farewell meeting, held on the last Sunday of November, with many expressions of regret. Mr. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., presided, and said that "he could not feel pleasure with our transatlantic brethren for stealing Mr. BEVAN away." The Rev. Dr. PARKER, of the City Temple, dwelt upon the fact that a Non-conformist minister has a better standing in America than ever he can have in England so long as there is an Established Church there. Of himself Mr. BEVAN spoke very modestly: "He was not going to America to improve his position or to increase his wealth. He felt that in America a minister had a greater opportunity of doing the work he was called upon to do than he had in England." No doubt the prospect of escaping from the chilling shadow of a state Church operates as a strong inducement with English Non-conformist ministers to make America their home. It is noticeable, however, that our contributions to England are chiefly of evangelists, who show great skill in reaching the common people.

If the accounts of Mr. MOODY's meetings in Chicago are not exaggerated, they will probably leave a strong impression upon the people of the Northwestern States. A writer in the *Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia, says: "A religious influence seems to pervade the city. The hearts of our people are softened as they never have been before. The great question is talked about in the street cars, on the sidewalks, in the hotels, in business houses, on 'Change—every where, in short, where people happen to collect. And this fresh awakening is not confined to Chicago, or Illinois, or Indiana, or Wisconsin. It pervades more or less extensively the eleven States which lie west of Pennsylvania and north of Kentucky and Arkansas." Among the interesting facts noted is "the inquiry meeting" held every evening for intemperate men. Mr. SAWYER, of New York, has been very efficient in this branch of Mr. MOODY's work.

Among the singular customs of London is that of delivering annual sermons in commemoration of events long since forgotten. An example of such is the "Lion Sermon," which has been preached for more than two hundred years to commemorate Sir JOHN GAYER's deliverance from a lion while traveling in Africa. Another is the "Storm Sermon," founded by Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, a bookseller of Paternoster Row, to keep in memory his "almost miraculous preservation during the storm of 1703, by the interposition of Providence." It is preached in Little Wild Street Chapel, Drury Lane. The storm of 1703 was a most violent one, and was said to have done more damage to London than the great fire. An account of it was given by DEFOE, who made a point of always attending the delivery of the "Storm Sermon" during Mr. TAYLOR's lifetime.

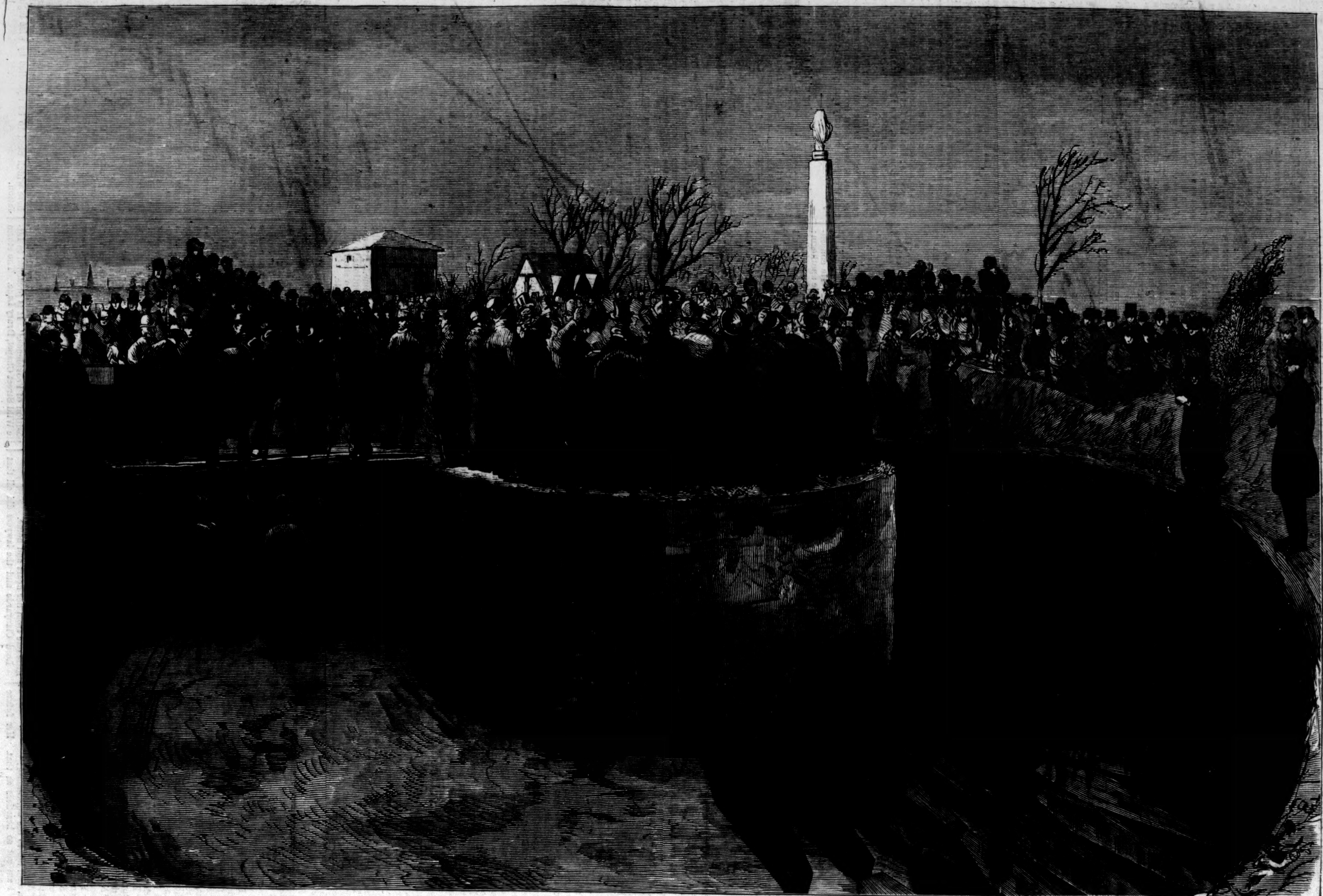
A third party has appeared in the greatly troubled Reformed Church of France. It is composed of moderates, who aim to preserve unity at all hazards, and to prevent schism. At a recent conference, held in Rouen, and attended by sixty pastors, a declaration was adopted, calling on the friends of peace to stand together on the common ground of the oneness of Protestantism, and asking for an early convocation of the National Synod. The history of this conflict of parties is in one aspect very instructive. As soon as a degree of self-government was accorded to the Reformed Church by the government of France, attention was drawn to the fact that it is composed of two elements—Unitarians and orthodox Christians. In this country such a discovery would have led to a peaceful separation. The two parties in the French Church, however, both desire the continuance of state patronage, and hence the strenuous effort to effect a compromise.

In our much discussion of the relations of the North and South, we fail usually to consider how far apart they are in opinion on many of the leading questions of our times. A daily paper of New Orleans reports a recent sermon preached in that city by a distinguished pulpit orator on the relations of the State and the Church to public education. Among the positions taken were the following: "That it is as unjust to tax the rich to educate the poor as it is to tax them to feed and clothe the poor; that education has injured the poor; that no boy ought to have an education he could not utilize; that it unfitted him for the humbler spheres of life, and he had not the ability for the higher; that men were not born free and equal, and that the leveling tendency in public schools was disastrous." We are accustomed in the Northern, Eastern, and Western States to hear such objections to universal education from Roman Catholic priests; but the fact that they have been urged in Louisiana, by a Protestant minister of wide reputation, shows how slowly some of our profoundest convictions take root in the Southern mind. The number of the friends of universal education in the South is steadily increasing, but it is evident from the above passage that they have not only apathy but even hostility to overcome.

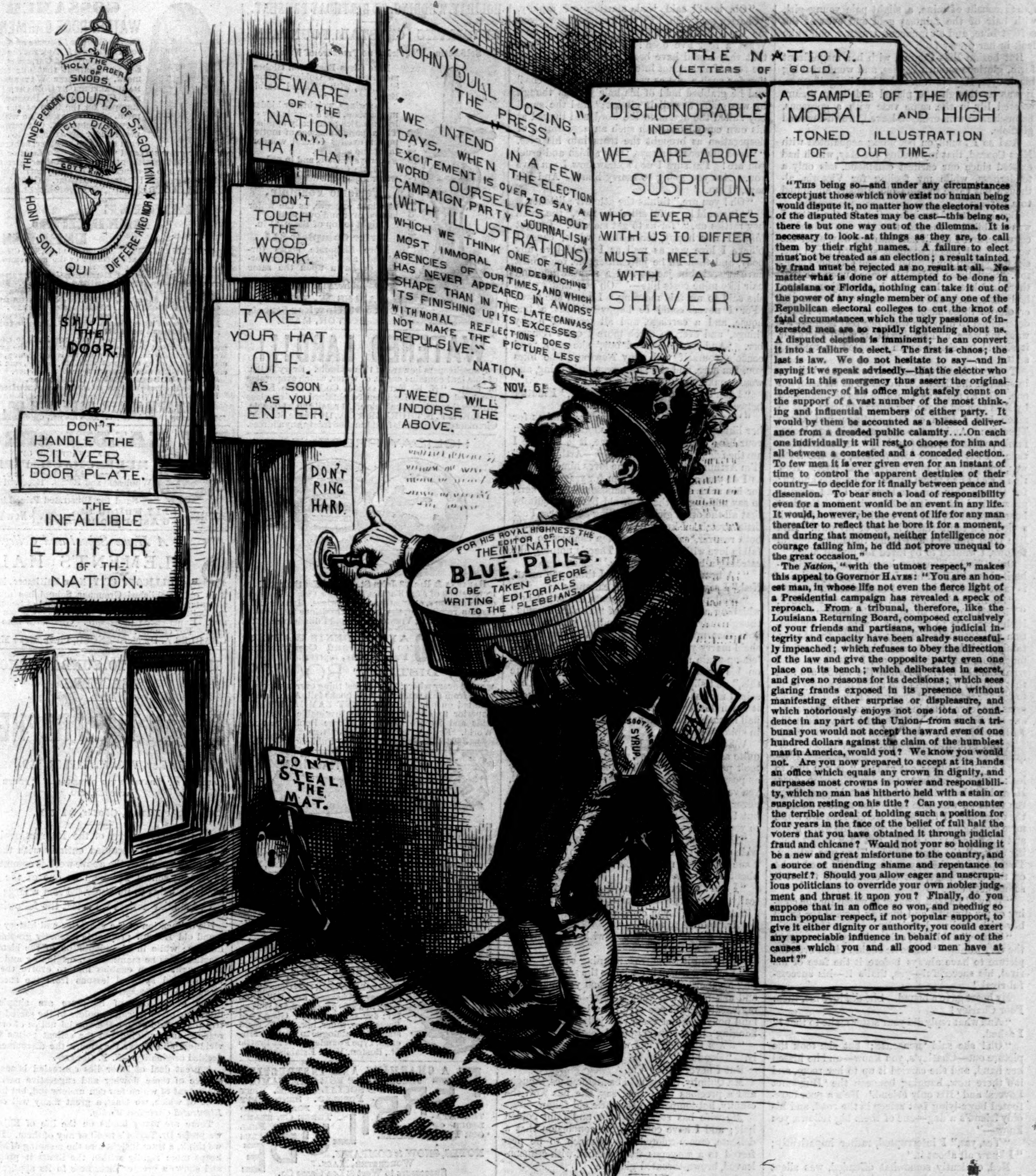
Facts are still appearing which show the personal activity of the Roman Catholic clergy in the late election. The election of the presiding judge in the Eighth Judicial District of Minnesota, it is claimed, was effected by the influence of the hierarchy. We are told that "in Shakopee priests distributed tickets. Priests, students, monks, and adherents of the Church cast their votes for MACDONALD." This fact is a parallel of that already noticed as occurring in Brooklyn.

A correspondent of the New York *Observer*, writing from Constantinople, summarizes very skillfully the history of the Bulgarian insurrection and the Turkish atrocities thereupon following. His conclusions are: (1) That a considerable insurrection was planned by some of the Bulgarians in the spring of the present year; (2) that the primary cause of the insurrection was not the presence of Russian agents—the *real* cause was the oppressive exactions of the Turkish government; (3) that the insurgents yielded after a slight resistance; (4) that the letters of the missionaries in Turkey fully confirm the truth of the reports of Turkish atrocities made by Mr. SCHUYLER, the United States consul, Mr. BARING, the English commissioner, and Mr. PEARS, the correspondent of the London *Daily News*. Mr. BARING's estimate of the number of Bulgarians killed by the Turks is the lowest; he gives it as 12,000. Many of the persons murdered were not insurgents, and others were killed after submission. In twenty-five villages 3480 houses were destroyed; of horses, sheep, and horned cattle, over 100,000. It is estimated that at least £37,000 will be needed to keep these sufferers from starving during this winter. British sympathy has been fully aroused, and British charity is very active in their behalf. A relief fund has been started by Lady STRANGFORD, which has already reached £18,000. Large contributions have also been raised in the cities of the north of England. Philippopolis has been selected as the centre of distribution. It is reported that as many as 6000 persons have perished from want and exposure since the murders were committed. It would take over $2,000,000 to restore the property lost.

The presence in San Francisco of the Congressional committee appointed to take testimony as to the effect of Chinese immigration upon the prosperity and peace of California has aroused both the favorers and opponents of the Chinese to a high pitch of excitement. The anti-cooly clubs organized a short time since a procession in San Francisco, and, says the *Chinese Record*, "bore transparencies of very ominous import. One of them exhibited the hideous figure of a Mongolian, with the inscription, '*Hence, horrible shadow;*' another demanded the immediate abrogation of the BURLINGAME treaty, and denounced the witnesses who had testified in favor of the Chinese before the commission; still another bore the picture of a skull; and a fourth represented a gallows, with the Rev. OTIS GIBSON, the Chinese missionary, hanging therefrom. After the procession had entered the Mechanics' Pavilion, this effigy was taken down and burned at the stake." The testimony of the Rev. OTIS GIBSON, the Methodist missionary who has distinguished himself as a champion of the Chinese, while claiming for his clients a good character for order, industry, and thrift, gives a horrible picture of the condition of the Chinese women. He puts the number of first wives at 200, and the number of second wives much higher. "Lately," says this witness, "many are marrying after our forms. I myself have married about forty Chinese couples in the last three years. I suppose there are 5000 or 6000 Chinese women in this country. 'They are bought and sold like slaves." There are evils here which need to be remedied by wise legislation.



THE BROOKLYN CALAMITY—BURIAL OF UNCLAIMED DEAD IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. A. ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 1061.]


THE HOLY ORDER OF SNOBS.
THE INDEPENDENT COURT OF St. GOTTKIN. HONI SOIT QUI DIFFÈRE AVEC MOI
ICH DIEN
GOTT KIN
SHUT THE DOOR.
DON'T HANDLE THE SILVER DOOR PLATE.
THE INFALLIBLE EDITOR OF THE NATION.
BEWARE OF THE NATION. (N.Y.) HA! HA!!
DON'T TOUCH THE WOOD WORK.
TAKE YOUR HAT OFF. AS SOON AS YOU ENTER.
DON'T RING HARD.
DON'T STEAL THE MAT.
(JOHN) "BULL DOZING." THE PRESS.
"WE INTEND IN A FEW DAYS, WHEN THE ELECTION EXCITEMENT IS OVER, TO SAY A WORD OURSELVES ABOUT CAMPAIGN PARTY JOURNALISM (WITH ILLUSTRATIONS) WHICH WE THINK ONE OF THE MOST IMMORAL AND DEBAUCHING AGENCIES OF OUR TIMES, AND WHICH HAS NEVER APPEARED IN A WORSE SHAPE THAN IN THE LATE CANVASS ITS FINISHING UP ITS EXCESSES WITH MORAL REFLECTIONS DOES NOT MAKE THE PICTURE LESS REPULSIVE." NATION, NOV. 5
TWEED WILL INDORSE THE ABOVE.
THE NATION. (LETTERS OF GOLD.)
"DISHONORABLE" INDEED, WE ARE ABOVE SUSPICION. WHO EVER DARES WITH US TO DIFFER MUST MEET US WITH A SHIVER
FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE EDITOR OF THE (N.Y.) NATION. BLUE. PILLS. TO BE TAKEN BEFORE WRITING EDITORIALS TO THE PLEBEIANS.
SOOTHING SYRUP.
WIPE YOUR DIRTY FEET

A SAMPLE OF THE MOST MORAL AND HIGH TONED ILLUSTRATION OF OUR TIME.

"This being so—and under any circumstances except just those which now exist no human being would dispute it, no matter how the electoral votes of the disputed States may be cast—this being so, there is but one way out of the dilemma. It is necessary to look at things as they are, to call them by their right names. A failure to elect must not be treated as an election; a result tainted by fraud must be rejected as no result at all. No matter what is done or attempted to be done in Louisiana or Florida, nothing can take it out of the power of any single member of any one of the Republican electoral colleges to cut the knot of fatal circumstances which the ugly passions of interested men are so rapidly tightening about us. A disputed election is imminent; he can convert it into a failure to elect. The first is chaos; the last is law. We do not hesitate to say—and in saying it we speak advisedly—that the elector who would in this emergency thus assert the original independency of his office might safely count on the support of a vast number of the most thinking and influential members of either party. It would by them be accounted as a blessed deliverance from a dreaded public calamity.... On each one individually it will rest to choose for him and all between a contested and a conceded election. To few men it is ever given even for an instant of time to control the apparent destinies of their country—to decide for it finally between peace and dissension. To bear such a load of responsibility even for a moment would be an event in any life. It would, however, be the event of life for any man thereafter to reflect that he bore it for a moment, and during that moment, neither intelligence nor courage failing him, he did not prove unequal to the great occasion."

The *Nation*, "with the utmost respect," makes this appeal to Governor Hayes: "You are an honest man, in whose life not even the fierce light of a Presidential campaign has revealed a speck of reproach. From a tribunal, therefore, like the Louisiana Returning Board, composed exclusively of your friends and partisans, whose judicial integrity and capacity have been already successfully impeached; which refuses to obey the direction of the law and give the opposite party even one place on its bench; which deliberates in secret, and gives no reasons for its decisions; which sees glaring frauds exposed in its presence without manifesting either surprise or displeasure, and which notoriously enjoys not one iota of confidence in any part of the Union—from such a tribunal you would not accept the award even of one hundred dollars against the claim of the humblest man in America, would you? We know you would not. Are you now prepared to accept at its hands an office which equals any crown in dignity, and surpasses most crowns in power and responsibility, which no man has hitherto held with a stain or suspicion resting on his title? Can you encounter the terrible ordeal of holding such a position for four years in the face of the belief of full half the voters that you have obtained it through judicial fraud and chicane? Would not your so holding it be a new and great misfortune to the country, and a source of unending shame and repentance to yourself? Should you allow eager and unscrupulous politicians to override your own nobler judgment and thrust it upon you? Finally, do you suppose that in an office so won, and needing so much popular respect, if not popular support, to give it either dignity or authority, you could exert any appreciable influence in behalf of any of the causes which you and all good men have at heart?"

"WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT"—OUR ARTIST AS THE GOOD (?) SAMARITAN.

THE BROOKLYN CALAMITY.

On Saturday, December 9, the remains of 103 victims of the fire at the Brooklyn Theatre were buried in one grave in Greenwood Cemetery. These were unclaimed and unidentified bodies, and they were buried at the expense of the city. At the Brooklyn Morgue and the old market, where the charred and shapeless remains were deposited when they were taken from the ruins, the scene of placing them in the coffins was ghastly and almost insupportable. The men who undertook the task were accustomed to handling dead bodies, but several of them displayed trepidation and shrinking when they lifted the distorted forms from the floor and attempted to force them into the coffins. In hardly a single instance did a body lie straight. Here an arm, stiffened by fire and death as it had been lifted to ward off some danger, projected out of the coffin, and was forced down by main strength. There a body, more resembling in shape a gnarled and burned root than a human frame, rested on top of the coffin, and would not go in until it had been forcibly straightened. Sickening as was the spectacle, a motley crowd pressed close to the doors, and tried to get past the police lines to witness it.

The bodies were laid in the coffins just as they were, with shreds of their burned garments clinging to them. In some instances, where only fragments of bodies had been recovered, the remains of several were placed in one coffin, so that seventy-nine coffins only were employed.

When all the bodies had been placed in the coffins and driven away in hearses and undertakers' wagons, a large and impressive funeral procession formed and proceeded to Greenwood, where the grave had been prepared at a spot known as Battle Hill. It is the highest point in the cemetery. There a circular trench had been cut, seven feet deep and thirteen feet wide, nearly surrounding a round sodded space ten feet in diameter, upon which the projected monument is to stand. One by one the hearses and undertakers' wagons passed up the main avenue, each in turn stopping here long enough to discharge its ghastly freight, and then moving away by Battle Avenue. From each, one to four coffins were lifted out. Twelve cemetery employés received the coffins, six carrying each one up the steep incline to the trench and lowering it to eight other employés—four on each side—who placed them in a double row, the heads all pointing inwardly, on the bottom of the trench.

The work was necessarily slow. The day was bitterly cold, but no less than 2000 persons maintained their position about the grave. At length all the coffins were in place. To the seventy-nine, containing 101 bodies, were added two which were on the ground when the procession arrived. Sixty German singers, gathered on the central grass-plot, sang Abt's "Repose" with solemn effect. The funeral service was brief, and concluded with the singing of the beautiful choral, "Above all summits there is repose."

Then a force of grave-diggers, forty-two in number, took their stations about the trench, and began shoveling earth upon the coffins. Most of the spectators took their departure immediately, many taking up handfuls of earth and dropping them reverently into the trench before turning away. Some, however, lingered until the last coffin had been shut out from view, and of these the majority were weeping women. In a very short space of time the trench was filled and the great mound rounded over the unclaimed dead. A floral crown and cross, placed above their last resting-place by the Germania Theatre company, caught the fading rays of the descending sun as the last of the spectators turned away and left them to their long repose.

A SMALL BOY.

"Oh! I say, she's out," said small Ned, as he opened the door. "She's gone to the dress-maker's, but she'll be back soon, 'cause she's got to friz her hair for dinner. Come in and wait."

I accepted the invitation, and installed myself in the easiest chair in the parlor, after rolling it to the bay-window, so as to command a view of the street, while Ned "histed" himself, as he called it, on a marble-topped table beside me, and sat there, with the crispy cheekiness of early boyhood, whistling and swinging his feet.

Ned was a chap of ten years, with a remarkable memory—as I was fated to discover—the youngest brother of Miss Victoria Conrad; and Miss Victoria Conrad was a handsome, dashing, clever girl whom I had met at a picnic the preceding summer, and with whom I had immediately fallen desperately in love.

I use the word "desperately" advisedly, for it was my first really serious entanglement, and my charmer, being a thorough mistress of the arts by which young and susceptible male hearts are subjugated, had inthralled me most completely.

True, before I cast myself at her feet, I had felt a great tenderness for a sweet little third or fourth cousin of mine, a slight pale young girl, with hair of the faintest gold and eyes of the softest blue, and an innocent, trusting, child-like look in her pretty face.

But beside Miss Conrad, with her magnificent form, glorious auburn tresses, and wonderful big black eyes, May Newton faded into insignificance. It was as though one placed a delicate, cream-colored lily in the same vase with a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiole.

And so I found, on becoming acquainted with Miss Conrad, that my feeling for May, which had existed since our earliest childhood, *was* only a tenderness, while my feeling for Victoria, although but three months old, already amounted to a passion.

But, in spite of my infatuation for the latter, I was not blind to the fact that she was a finished coquette, and I didn't half like the way, after the very decided encouragement she had given me, she flirted with my intimate friend Charley Thornton. Sometimes, indeed, it flashed upon me that there had been a love affair between them which had not entirely ended even now, and it was after one of these flashes I had sought her house, determined to discover what her real feelings toward me were, and resolved that when I left her it should be either as an accepted or rejected suitor.

To speak frankly, I had every reason to believe, in spite of the flashes, it would be as an accepted one. For as much as Thornton was distinguished by Miss Conrad above her other admirers, just so much had I been of late distinguished above Thornton. And we two were equal in age, looks, family, education, and (our lady-love thought) fortune. I say our lady-love *thought*, for the truth was, compared to me, Charley was poor. How rich *I* was I had taken care should not be known; for though only three-and-twenty, I had already grown tired of a single life, with its attendant boarding-houses, and was looking for a wife, with a view to a comfortable home of my own. And like Lord Burleigh and other romantic, poetical fellows, I wanted to be loved for myself alone.

Only Charley Thornton knew of my recently inherited wealth, and him I had bound by all that is sacred in friendship not to disclose it.

"So in singling me out for favor," I argued, "Victoria leads me to suppose she loves me. And if she consents to become my wife, that supposition will turn into a happy certainty, for *she* certainly, with *her* beauty and talents, might make a much finer match than the one I offer her. And what delight it will be when the words are said that seal my happiness and make her all my own, to see her resplendent eyes grow larger and brighter as she learns that in accepting a few thousands, she has become the mistress of half a million!"

But to go back to the small boy, swinging his feet and evidently anxious to enter into conversation.

"I say," he blurts out at last, "do you like to look at photographs? Charley Thornton does. He and Vic looked at this book"—taking one from the table on which he sat—"for more'n an hour the other day. I like *him*. He give me two white mice and a guinea-pig; the cat ate the white mice, and the guinea-pig's dead. But they wasn't looking at it all the time either. They was talking. Your picture's there, you know. His used to be on the other page, but he coaxed Vic to put it somewhere else."

"Why?" I asked, ceasing to watch for the coming of my divinity, and turning toward the small boy with awakened curiosity.

"'Cause," said Ned, evidently trying to repeat the very words—"'cause he couldn't bear even his picture to have always before it the face of his rival, his successful—yes, that's it—his successful rival."

My heart gave a bound. She *did* love me, then. Poor Charley!

"And what reply did your sister make to that?" I asked.

"Oh! she said 'nonsense;' but she took the picture out—Charley's, you know—and he kissed her hand, and she carried it up to her room, and it's there now, hanging between the 'Huguenot Lovers' and 'His only Friend.' He's a poor barefooted boy a-lying fast asleep in the road, and his only friend's a dog—one of them big fellows, you know—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, rather impatiently; "I know all about it."

Ned, evidently somewhat offended, was silent for about three minutes, and then began again. "Oh my, didn't they talk that day! Vic sent word to every body else that came that she was out. Wasn't that a whopper? I was snuggled up on the sofa over in that dark corner there, and they didn't see me, and I heard every word they said. Wouldn't Vic have boxed my ears if she'd caught me!"

"I wonder what they talked of," I said to myself, with a jealous qualm—to tell the truth, I'd been a little staggered by the picture episode; and then, though it wasn't exactly the right thing to do, although certainly excusable in a case like this, where a man's whole happiness was at stake, I made up my mind if possible to find out.

"Ned," said I, "I saw a splendid knife the other day—six blades."

"Six blades!" repeated Ned, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, or five blades and a file, I don't remember which. It was a beauty, though, and if I wasn't afraid you'd cut yourself with it, I'd buy it and give it to you."

"Cut myself!" said the small boy, with infinite scorn; "I ain't a baby."

"Well," said I, "the knife shall be yours." And then I continued, in a *nonchalant* manner: "What was it you said your sister and Mr. Thornton were talking about?"

"I didn't say nothing," said Ned. "When 'll you bring the knife?"

"You shall have it to-morrow," I replied. "Did they say any thing about *me*, for instance?"

"Oh, lots!" said Ned, starting off rapidly. "Charley said, 'Oh, Vic, you'd never have given me up if I hadn't told you how rich he was. What a fool I've been! I might have known that that would have been too much of a'—let me see: 'Lead us not into temptation'—'temptation for such a girl as you are. Good heavens!' and he grabbed hold of his hair just as though he was going to pull it all out;" and the small boy suited the action to the word, and tugged at his own curly locks with such an assumption of desperation as brought the tears into his eyes. "'Good heavens!' he says, 'how selfish and cruel you are! I'm sure I don't know how I *can* love you. *Are* you going to marry him?' And Vic says, 'I am.'"

"Oh! you are," thinks the attentive listener.

"'It would be awful silly,' she says," the small boy rattles on, "'for *us* to get married. I might *think* I was happy, for a little while, 'cause I b'lieve I love you as well as I could love any body, and then I'd be jolly miserable, for I must have a seal-skin jacket and a new switch, and hair like mine costs like—' Oh no; that's what she said to ma this morning. I mean she says: 'For I never could *be* happy without a fine house, and a carriage, and all sorts of nobby things,' and ever so much more I can't remember. 'And so be a good boy,' she says, 'and console yourself with May Newton. She likes you, I'm sure, and she is a sweet little thing, and would make you an excellent wife.'"

"I don't believe she ever will, then," I mutter between my teeth. "Go on, Ned."

"'No, she wouldn't,' says Charley; 'and as for her liking me, you never were more mistaken in your life; or if she does *like* me, it is because I am the friend of the man she *loves*—Arthur Bell'" (I'm Arthur Bell)—"'yes, she loves him as dearly as I do you, and has loved him for years. It was for his sake she refused handsome Phil Akers, to say nothing of that rich old bachelor Quimby that all the other girls are pulling caps for. Poor little wretch! *I* know how to pity her.' 'You'll both recover,' says Vic, 'and ten chances to one, fall in love with each other. There's nothing like catching a ball on the bounce.'"

"'A heart on the rebound,' I think you mean, Ned," I say, with astonishing calmness.

"Well, perhaps I do," assents the small boy, whistling a couple of bars of "Yankee Doodle" thoughtfully. "Anyhow," ending with a false note that makes me shudder, "Vic stuck to it she'd marry you, 'cause you was so slap-bang-set-'em-up-again rich; and Charley smashed his hat on his head and walked out of the room like this," and slipping from the table, the small boy seized my hat from my hand, literally "smashed" it upon his curly head, and strode out into the hall in such a melodramatic manner that I smiled in spite of myself.

When he returned, I left the easy-chair—not quite as much at ease as when I sat down in it—took possession of my hat, restored it as nearly as possible to its original shape, and said, "Ned, you've been remarkably entertaining—in fact, I never met such an entertaining *small* boy before; but I won't wait any longer. Give my respects to your sister—"

"Don't you mean your love?" asks Ned, with wide-opened eyes, and adds, confidentially, "Oh! come now, you needn't be bashful. I know all about it, you know."

"I *don't* mean my love," I say, most emphatically.

"And when 'll you come again?"

"Impossible to tell."

"But the knife—the one with six blades, or five blades and a file?"

"I'll send it to-morrow morning early."

"You're a trump!" exclaims the small boy, cutting a caper. "And, I say, when you marry Vic and ask me out to your country-house to spend my vacation, will you give me a boat and a Shetland pony—one of them real jolly ones with hair hanging all over their eyes?"

"*When* I marry Vic I will," I promise, solemnly. "Good-by."

But I never marry Vic.

Mr. Quimby, the rich old bachelor, does, though; and a precious time, they say, she has with the cranky, hot-tempered, asthmatic old fellow.

My wife has soft blue eyes and faint golden hair; and I have come to the conclusion that a delicate, cream-colored lily is much to be preferred to a gorgeous flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown-throated gladiole.

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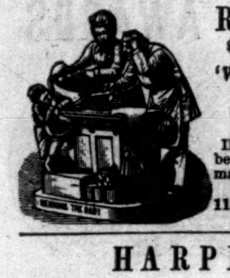

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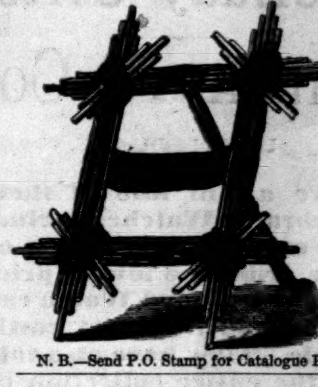

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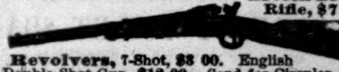

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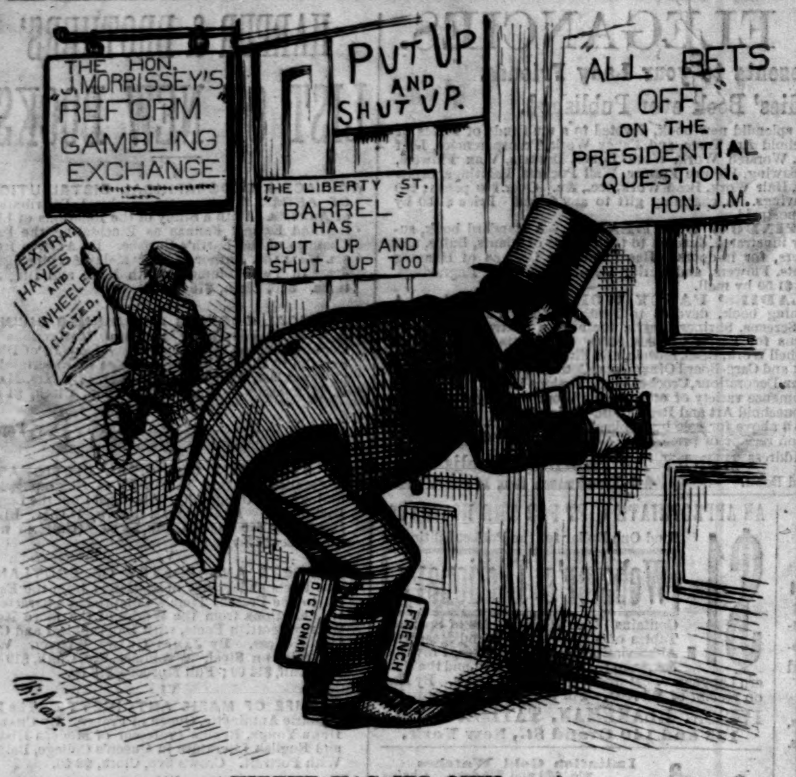
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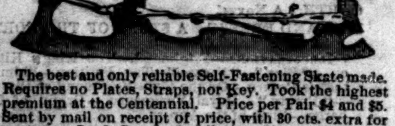

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